

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



TV'S ED SULLIVAN



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VOL. LXVI NO. 16



You choose the warmth you like best, on the G-E Bedside Control. Through the magic of *Sleep-Guard*, you'll stay just that warm all night. (If the temperature drops, *more* warmth is supplied. If it rises, *less* warmth is provided.) This comfort control takes place automatically.



"Happy marriage blanket." Dual-Control type, pictured, allows each half of your G-E Blanket to be adjusted for a *different* degree of warmth. Each sleeper has complete personal comfort, perfect relaxation.



Economy, Convenience! One G-E Blanket is all your bed needs; bedmaking's easier! Custom-Contoured corners are designed with ample "give" between corners for plenty of foot room... Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



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...the G-E Automatic Blanket
New low prices from \$34.95*

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Guaranteed washable: Wash at home, following directions, or send to laundry.



Six high-fashion colors: Dresden Blue, Rose Pink, Garden Green, Citron Gold, Flamingo Red, Turquoise. Fabrics by Chatham; bindings by Skinner. Single- or double-bed sizes.

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade prices.



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automatic comfort
GE SLUMBER COVER

Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight textured mothproof fabric, with famous *Sleep-Guard* system. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. From \$27.95*

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Your fine suit deserves a Golden Needle shirt

THERE'S more to looking your best than wearing a fine custom-tailored suit. Important, too, is the shirt that you wear to set it off. Choose a shirt bearing *Manhattan's* Golden Needle® label and your mirror will reflect a tailoring triumph. The Golden Needle label is *Manhattan's* proud designation for its finest products. Luxurious imported and domestic fabrics, large ocean pearl buttons, superb

craftsmanship and a wealth of special tailoring details distinguish these shirts. Shown is the Austin®, a superior combed white broadcloth; in the Wythe®, medium-spread soft collar with stays, \$5.00. Other Golden Needle shirts to \$10.00. Pure silk ties to \$2.50. Her *Lady Manhattan* shirt, \$5.00. At finer stores everywhere. The Manhattan Shirt Company, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. ©1935





BEWARE OF BASILISKS

On medieval maps, Libya was a vast unknown desert where an unlucky traveller might encounter the basilisk, a monster so poisonous his breath could kill, so deadly his look could paralyze. At Rand McNally we know that even today in some parts of the world the basilisk is not entirely extinct. Fear and superstition haven't lost their power to paralyze men's minds. And so we feel a special obligation at Rand McNally to print the truth with the greatest care and accuracy, not only in our fine maps and atlases, but especially in our textbooks for American schools.





Sickness at your house?

TODAY, medical and nursing authorities are recommending home care for more and more patients . . . especially if someone in the family is skilled in home nursing.

There are several reasons why home nursing is of such great importance now. Nearly all of our country's hospitals are crowded. In fact, they care for more than 20 million patients a year. Naturally, doctors, nurses and their assistants are busier than ever before. So, whenever a patient can be adequately cared for at home, hospital beds and personnel are freed for more serious cases.

Moreover, the cost of a long hospital stay is a heavy financial burden to the average family . . . as well as a source of worry to the ill person. Lengthy hospitalization may also make the sick person depressed and even doubtful of his recovery. These attitudes can often be offset when the patient can safely and conveniently be cared for within the family circle. In fact, familiar home surroundings and family companionship can often help to hasten recovery.

Fortunately, in such circumstances, home nursing can usually be performed adequately by a family member under the direction of the doctor. To give the best possible help to an ill person, however, the home nurse must know how to follow the doctor's specific instructions, and be able to care for both the physical and emotional needs of

the patient. In addition, the home nurse should be prepared to make some simple but essential observations which help the doctor determine the patient's progress.

Suppose you had to give home nursing care to someone in your family. Would you know how to do any of the following:

1. Could you carry out a doctor's orders to observe and record a patient's breathing, or to take his pulse?
2. Help a sick person overcome fears and anxieties?
3. Persuade a child to take medicine?
4. Help a bed patient maintain comfortable posture?

Since illness may occur unexpectedly at any time in any family, someone in *every* household should be a qualified home nurse.

You can learn more about home nursing skills in free courses given in most communities by the American Red Cross. If you cannot enroll in one of these courses, you can learn many essentials of home nursing with the help of Metropolitan's 32-page, illustrated booklet called *Sickness At Your House?* Just fill out the coupon below to receive a free copy. It explains how you can do many things—expertly and gently—that are conducive to a sick person's comfort, contentment and recovery.

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, *Sickness At Your House?* 1155-T

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fastest propeller-driven airliner...first carrier-based jet trainer...and world's
fastest jet fighter—all are in production today at Lockheed.*

Lockheed designed and produced the first operational jet airplane in the U.S. more than ten years ago. Since that historic day, Lockheed has built over 7,000 jet-powered airplanes—more than any other company in the world.

Lockheed's latest proof of leadership is the exciting new Lockheed Electra—America's first prop-jet airliner—now in production for delivery to the world's leading airlines.* In the pace-setting Electra, surging jet power is combined with proven propeller dependability and economy—to whisk passengers to their destinations in luxurious comfort and quiet up to 100 miles per hour faster than any airliner presently in service.

*Purchased in quantity by American Airlines and Eastern Air Lines.



IF YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN, 17 TO 28, INVESTIGATE MILITARY AVIATION AS A CAREER.



C-130 HERCULES, NEW PROP-JET COMBAT CARGO PLANE—Husky brother of the Electra. A 62-ton carryall, to transport men and materiel farther, faster and at less cost than any other plane! Now in production at Lockheed's Georgia Division, U.S. Government Aircraft Plant No. 6 at Marietta. As shown, a huge 5,000-gallon gasoline tank-truck can be driven up the ramp into the cavernous interior of a C-130. In background, Lockheed-built B-47 jet bomber.



NEW JET-POWERED VERSION OF SUPER CONSTELLATION. Achieved by substituting prop-jet power for piston engines—a remarkable increase-in-speed transformation made possible by the extremely rugged construction and advanced basic design of the time-tested Lockheed Super Constellations. Result: the fastest propeller-driven airliner in the world! Designated the C-121F by the U.S. Air Force, and the R7V-2 by the U.S. Navy, these prop-jet Super Constellations are now undergoing exhaustive official tests.



T2V-1, CARRIER-BASED JET-POWERED TRAINER. A design-descendant of the renowned Lockheed F-80 Shooting Star of ten years ago, the Navy T2V-1 (above) is acclaimed the world's safest jet plane.
F-104, STILL-SECRET JET-POWERED FIGHTER. (Photograph not yet released.) A high-ranking USAF officer said of the F-104, "This is a fighter pilot's dream. We feel confident that it is the fastest, highest-flying fighter in the air, anywhere."

THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF FLIGHT. Virtually no limit is in sight as to speeds, distances and economies which will be possible in tomorrow's air travel. Rocket power, ram-jet engines or nuclear energy will thrust transports around the world at incredible speeds while passengers enjoy undreamed-of comfort. At Lockheed's Missile Systems Division and at other Lockheed research centers, scientists already are deeply engaged in projects involving these and other new sources of power for future flight.



Lockheed

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

California Division, Burbank, Calif.
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 Midwest Systems Division, Van Nuys, Calif.
 Lockheed Air Terminal, Burbank, Calif.
 Lockheed Aircraft Service, Burbank, Calif.

LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP, TOO



Armco 17-7PH Stainless Steel is used in supersonic missiles. These long-range pilotless craft are designed to seek out and destroy high-speed, high-altitude enemy bombers before they reach target areas.

New Armco Stainless Steel fights heat, saves weight in guided missiles

Guided missiles traveling much faster than sound generate terrific heat. Air friction alone may boost "skin" temperatures to as much as 700 degrees F! Every pound of weight counts, too. Lighter weight means greater range and speed.

That's why a special Armco Stainless Steel, known as 17-7PH, is needed in these bomber-killers. It is extremely hard and strong even at high temperatures. As a corrosion-resistant material for outer covering, interior structural parts and fuel tanks, it stands up to strains that would weaken or destroy most metals.

New 17-7PH Stainless is only one of many special steels developed by Armco Research in the past half-century. This constant search for special Armco Steels means this to you:

Better weapons for national defense and more value in many manufactured products you buy for your home.



Strong "Wonder Steel" opens new uses for Stainless in your home

Left—Handsaws made of Armco 17-7PH Stainless are tough but flexible. This new steel takes a sharp edge and holds it. And it doesn't rust in ordinary use. Right—Kitchen tools made of this new Armco Stainless Steel wash easily, stay handsome. They are strong, durable, don't tarnish or rust.



ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
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If, after enjoying this big Demonstration Package, you decide that the program is truly worthwhile, you will receive subsequent monthly packages at the same low price. You are not obligated to purchase any minimum number of selections, and you may stop whenever you wish. In any case, you may keep the handsome Introductory Volume and its Course for 10¢ only.

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The look of success...the habit of command. ...these qualities are reflected in the smart lines and superb detail of this lightweight, pinch-front hat of fine fur felt. Even its brim is special. It features the

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Stetson "Cushioned-to-Fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 70 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1955

To keep it **YOUR** family's home...



John Hancock's special **mortgage redemption plan** pays off 2 ways!

- 1—Completely pays off your mortgage in case you do not live to complete the payments, or
- 2—Guarantees cash or Retirement Income for you when your mortgage has been paid off.

Protects your family from mortgage foreclosure! And—in addition, if you live—it provides a special cash settlement or Retirement Income for you after your home is free and clear!

See your John Hancock agent today. He'll show you how John Hancock's low-cost mortgage redemption plan helps you own your own home and gives you the additional life insurance protection you've always needed...and wanted!

A home that's free and clear—that's what every husband wants his family to have! And today—to help you make that dream come true—John Hancock offers you its "Pay-Off-Your-Mortgage Plan" at a surprisingly low cost!

Secret of this new low cost is John Hancock's modernization of life insurance procedures—a whole new program that makes extra economies and extra value possible.

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This was never more true than in the new Society Brand suits for fall . . . suits with a casual ease and soft-spoken elegance that distinguish a man in any gathering. See them now at a fine store in your community.

Smooth luxury . . . Society Brand's Swaydly, an exclusive suede-smooth worsted shown in rich brown and gray, new charcoal green, and deep blue.

Swaydly—Reg U S Pat Off

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Brand
Clothes*

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



LETTERS

Ike's Illness

Sir: It was with grief for all the countries of the world, as well as for the United States, that I heard of President Eisenhower's heart attack . . . How appalling must be the weight of the responsibility of the decisions we put upon our President, no matter how much advice and assistance we give him, when so many of those decisions are, in the long run, his alone to make . . .

JULIA M. PRYKE

Detroit

Sir: President Eisenhower's recent heart attack may make it inadvisable for him to run for re-election to the presidency. The Republicans have not seriously considered any other candidates for this office. Therefore, I believe that Eisenhower and Nixon should continue to be a team . . . Nixon should run for President, and Eisenhower, Vice President. Nixon is familiar with Eisenhower's policies, and would have his expert advice when and if it was needed . . .

MYRNA J. BRUNTON

Headquarters Caribbean Command
Quarry Heights, Canal Zone

No Time to Lose

Sir: Your Sept. 26 cover story on Premier Nasser of Egypt was an elegant piece of reporting. Gamal Nasser is truly representative of the modern Middle East's heads of state, a man of great executive and administrative ability, a person with much military know-how and a leader who maintains his touch with the "common man" . . .

ROBERT SEKULER

Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sir: In spite of your repeated assurances that Egypt's Nasser is handsome, dashing and "carries his 200 lbs. with lithic grace," and your remarkable statement that he is the

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TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1955



Suggestion to a wife whose husband is taking a trip this fall to **EUROPE**, the **NEAR** or **FAR EAST, AFRICA...**

KLM's FAMILY TRAVEL PLAN SAVES UP TO \$330 ON YOUR TICKET!



... so why not both go?

Two can fly as cheaply as one! Well, almost. You — and he — will agree the savings offered by the KLM Family Travel Plan are substantial . . . enough to make possible that wonderful trip together this fall. Take along the children, too, and save. Here are the low fares and savings.

EXAMPLES OF FAMILY TRAVEL FARES

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FROM N.Y.	TOURIST CLASS Round Trip	YOU SAVE	DE LUXE CLASS Round Trip	YOU SAVE
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FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASS.

only one who can prevent "massed retaliation" against the Israeli "aggressors," you can hardly conceal the fact that this military dictator and self-anointed "liberator" of the fatherland is now definitely on the skids... Since he can't cope with the trouble within Egypt's borders, he is stirring up trouble beyond the borders... This is the traditional method of dictators, and of those in the Middle East in particular.

ERIC WEISS

Portland, Ore.

Dinner With the General

Sir:

... All power to the Marine captain who solved the \$64,000 culinary problem with the French menu, but does that rate him a special dinner with General Shepherd?

Colonel Schwable got booted around for collapsing under Asiatic torture, but the captain gets the general's highball for knowing about Chateau Vague.

The captain did a fine job, but what in hell has it to do with the Marines?

AXEL B. GRAVEM

Orleans, Mass.

Free American

Sir:

I have just finished reading the Sept. 26 article about Walter A. Rickett. "What a crazy, mixed-up kid!" Which goes to show that even the well-learned can fall prey to well-prepared Communist indoctrination.

(A/1C) ARTHUR G. ROBLES
U.S.A.F.

Carswell Air Force Base
Fort Worth, Texas

Sir:

I could not read your article without commenting upon the last quoted sentence in which Walter Rickett said: "I feel that as an American I have a right to say what I please." Cannot ex-Prisoner Rickett see that the very ambivalence of such a statement places him on the brink of hypocrisy? He is using one of the best examples of democracy, *i.e.*, free speech, to decry or question the actions and decisions of his accepted motherland.

TOM KUBITZ

Champaign, Ill.

Sir:

I am amazed at your treatment of Walter Rickett.

I am an American who wants no part of Communism or even socialism... But I fail to see where Rickett has erred...

ALBERT W. FOSTER

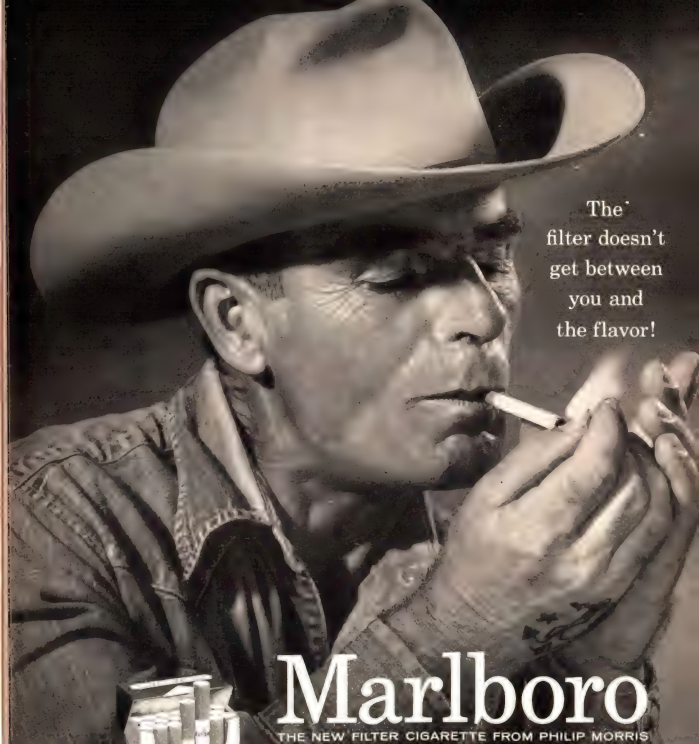
New York City

Public Duty

Sir:

The undersigned, who carry ultimate responsibility for law enforcement in Philadelphia, are distressed at the smearing of honest public servants that has resulted from your Sept. 26 story: "The Death of a Girl."

Doris Oestreicher died on the night of Aug. 24. Dr. Melville Aston, medical examiner, first heard of the case upon his arrival at his office at 8:20 the following morning. Ten minutes later he informed his staff that an autopsy would be required. Two city pathologists were assigned to make the examination by 10 a.m. By 2:10 p.m. Dr. Aston received a preliminary report. A news release was promptly issued announcing that the death was under investigation. The undersigned approved the decision that it was unwise from a criminal, medical and humanitarian point of view to make the results of the investigation available to the press before the inquest, which was held Aug. 28. Six days after the inquest, the district



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attorney arrested Mrs. Silver, the dead girl's mother. A few days later the accused abortionists were arrested.

We are proud of the way the case was handled and the results achieved to date.

There was no "political stone wall" in the case. Mr. Brunt never suggested to the mayor that "covering up the scandal will cost the Democrats the election." Mr. Brunt never "went after District Attorney Samuel Dash, convinced him also that the cover-up would be a hot political issue." The Philadelphia Bulletin, for which Mr. Brunt works, never printed any such story.

On behalf of the loyal employees who work for us, we resent the implication in this article that, but for the persistence of a reporter, we and our subordinates would have violated our duty to the public.

MAYOR JOSEPH S. CLARK JR.
SAMUEL DASH
District Attorney

Philadelphia

Newsman Brunt stands by TIME's account of his part in the case.—Ed.

East Side, West Side (Contd.)

Sir:

Mayor Wagner may blow his own horn (Sept. 19), and he may fool many New Yorkers, most of whom will probably not realize how dirty the city is until the debris has reached eye level. However, he does not fool the thousands of visitors, especially if they are fortunate enough to be ex-citizens of the city...

MURRAY H. SCHEFER
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

As a native New Yorker myself, now residing in sunny California, I can readily attack any criticism of N.Y.'s public service departments. I have never seen a city with such a well-regulated rubbish or cleaning service. As for clean air, if New York ever had Los Angeles' smog problem, believe me, it would have been rectified long ago...

MRS. MARIE MCCARTHY
Glendale, Calif.

Delightful Roll

Sir:

Britons and Test Pilot Roland Falk may be aloft (Sept. 19), but are no loftier than Boeing's top test pilot, Alvin M. ("Tex") Johnston.

During the 1955 Gold Cup Hydroplane race Johnston brought the handsome gold-and-chrome jet transport over the race course, gained a reassuring bit of elevation and proceeded to roll the craft in a delightful 360° arc...

GEORGE I. THOMAS, M.D.
Seattle

Name Dropping

Sir:

Mr. Charles P. Taft, a deputy to the Episcopal convention, was quoted (Sept. 19) as saying, "Our church is a Reformation church in fact." It would seem that Mr. Taft is a bit confused if he meant that his church was conceived in the Reformation. A study of English church history and Anglican theology would inform him that the Episcopal Church is in fact a reformed Catholic Church. There is a difference.


(THIS REV.) C. EDWARD SHARP
St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Beaufort, N.C.

Sir:

... I am just waiting for the letters to roar in from unthinking Roman Catholics who will endeavor to point out that because we left the word "Protestant" in the legal

TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1955

You'll wish your father could have bought one for you!



Buying your youngsters New York Life's new WHOLE LIFE coverage NOW—at children's low rates—gives them low-premium protection for life . . . or funds for their education, home or career!

Think what it might have meant to you if this modern life insurance had been available when you were a child—and your father had started a plan for you.

Premium rates for new Whole Life are so low for youngsters that many fathers today can easily afford the minimum face amount of \$10,000. And the premium *stays the same* no matter how long the policy is kept in force!

Cash values build rapidly so that by the time your boy or girl reaches college age, funds will be available to help pay the cost. If the cash isn't needed then, and premium payments are continued, cash values keep building. So even more money may be available later to get him started in business . . . or help him buy a home. Or after he has taken the policy over, he may keep it in force to provide protection for his own family—even to provide for retirement!

Say you have a son age 10. The monthly premium for \$10,000 of Whole Life is only \$11.00. At 30, his policy would have a cash value of \$2,655*. At age 65 the value would be \$12,735*—or pay him a lifetime income of \$78.45 a month with payment guaranteed for 10 years certain.

Give your children this opportunity to get a head start on their future. Ask your New York Life agent or mail the coupon for details.

*Includes all dividends accumulated with interest on basis of the Company's 1954 Dividend Illustrations—not a guarantee, estimate or promise of dividends or results.

This policy not available in New York prior to age 10, or in Canada with immediate insurance protection prior to the fifth birthday.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man To Know

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Dapt. T-15, 51 Madison Avenue
New York 10, New York
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)



Please send me more information about your New Whole Life policy for my children—minimum amount \$10,000

NAME _____ CHILDREN'S AGES _____

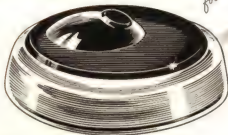
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for every kind and way of writing



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You can't go wrong on this guaranteed* desk set . . . with its giant ink fountain-base that automatically fills the pen and keeps it ready to write a full page or more when-ever you take it from its socket.

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Your regular dealer will be glad to let you try one of these fine Model 444, Self-Filling Desk Pens on your own desk for 30 days with the understanding you can return it for a full refund if you don't agree it's the best you've ever used.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT
POINT FOR THE WAY
YOU WRITE...BY NUMBER

Fine writing
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2550
Medium stub
9314M
Carbon copies
(Also public counter use)
9460
Extra fine
9550
General writing
2668

Esterbrook DESK
PEN
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title of the Episcopal Church, we have there-fore given up the claim to Catholicity. I only hope that some day, in the providence of God, these people will realize that "Protes-tant" and "Catholic," when used correctly, are not contradictory, but complementary. The opposite of "Catholic" is "Roman." (THE REV.) EDMOND T. P. MULLEN
Priest-in-Charge

St. Mark's Church
Medford Station, N.Y.

Sir:

. . . It seems that it is impossible for Protestants to assemble without throwing mud at the Catholic Church. This in itself is proof of the spiritual bankruptcy of Prot-estantism. When Catholics get together, they have more constructive things to talk about than the myriad shortcomings of Protestants.

(S/SGT.) JAMES RICHEY

A.P.O. 959
San Francisco

Sir:

One thousand three hundred bishops, priests, etc. of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in Honolulu and, like every other religious meeting, bigotry and intoler-ance showed their ugly heads . . . I would think the Lord would prefer mere fellowship and less show if He wants us in Heaven.

G. LEO McCAFFREY

Orlando, Fla.

Absence Explained

Sir:

. . . Last year I suffered in silence because I believed TIME's hostile attitude was di-rected against me only because I was the Democratic candidate for governor of Cal-ifornia . . . Thus [Sept. 26] published a spi-teful and wholly false story . . . Obviously, I would be, and was, invited by the chair-man of this \$200 Democratic dinner to sit at the head table; being obliged to leave by plane for Los Angeles . . . I could not accept; before leaving, I went to the head table to explain my departure to our distinguished guests; thereafter, the toastmaster, in his general introductions, referred first to me and explained my absence . . .

RICHARD GRAVES

Oakland, Calif.

TIME erred. Democrat Graves was duly invited to the California Demo-crats' first big fund raising get-together of the year but had more pressing business elsewhere.—ED.

The Tension of Change (Contd.)

Sir:

. . . I am asking you to give us a rest on the Negro question. Your Sept. 19 issue is disgusting to rational white people. You do the Negroes a disservice in crowding them along the way to full equality with the white. Let it come when they are ready for it . . .

JAMES F. JETER

Ashland, Ore.

Sir:

. . . Your cover of Thurgood Marshall was offensive, and your account of the segrega-tion problem unfair and untrue. You dam-nyakes are all alike—just plain stupid—and not worthy of a good lynching!

MRS. JAMES LEE

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

. . . Rarely have I read an article which so vividly brought to life the character, ideals and motivations of a human being. The racial issue here in America is an involved and grave one—but one which is



New '56 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer with Magic Touch Control.

BORN OF SUCCESS TO CHALLENGE THE FUTURE!

Presenting: New Push-Button Driving! New Trend-Setting Style! New Break-Through Power!

Push-button driving is here! And it comes to you in a new '56 Dodge so dramatically beautiful, so dramatically advanced in style and power, so reasonably priced, that no other car can match its value.

This is the Dodge of destiny—born of success, born for success.

It brings you the feel of success in its revolutionary Magic Touch Push-Button control that "tunes in" the range of Powerlite automatic driving.

It brings you the look of success in the sweeping distinction of new Personal-Power styling: Proud, graceful, refined.

It brings you the power of success, ranging from 100 to 230 h.p. Super-Powerful Super Red Hot V-8 engine, equipped with lightning 12-volt electrical system.

You Dodge Dealer invites you to share the rewards of the great Dodge advance. See the '56 Dodge today!



New '56
DODGE

Power looks at the Personal Touch.





THERE'S A NEW SOUND IN THE SKY...

It's the distinctive sound of the VISCOUNT — *world's first turbo-prop airliner!*
Powered by four Rolls-Royce engines and proved by over a billion passenger miles,
this quieter, smoother airliner marks the advent of a new age in flight.

Now you can enjoy this new concept in flight between—
Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, Norfolk . . . Expanded service soon!

Capital
AIRLINES

soluble and feasible. We have our despots and the vindictive, but we also have far more of the brave, just and good. There is hope for solution and an amicable and happy one here, with sympathy and understanding to spare for those in other countries where the despotic outnumber the just.

LOIS BEDFORD

Los Angeles

Sir:

... Had we not waited until now to give the Negro equal educational and recreational facilities, the Southern Negro would be perfectly satisfied. In fact, I think that if we would now speed up our program of equal but separate facilities, they would be perfectly happy, provided that the N.A.A.C.P. and a few of the people from the so-called white states kept their hands off. If the people from the "less than 10%" states could change places with us from the "more than 50%" states for a year or two, they would fight the Supreme Court decision, too.

ARTHUR L. ALLEN

Moss Point, Miss.

Sir:

... We, the sixth- to ninth-generation Anglo-Saxons in the South, feel that we belong to the real persecuted minority in the country today. *Let*, the descendants of the original colonists...

Incidentally, we're a little tired of being Time-portrayed as magnolia-scented, bull-whip-swinging, red-faced illiterates. Most of that prototype were our overseers, who have with their descendants returned to the North whence they came and are now writing learnedly for the press.

THOMAS M. DAVIS, M.D.

Manning, S.C.

Sir:

It seems that all the discussion about segregation has failed to mention the one and only thing that can be done to rectify this injustice done by the Supreme Court—and do it legally.

We must give the court an opportunity to reverse its opinion on segregation. I have great respect for our Supreme Court, but this is not the first time that this learned body has been in error, nor would it be its first time to reverse a decision...

I feel certain that a national vote on this question would not be in accord with the court's ruling.

FORREST C. WEBB

Lubbock, Texas

Death of a Boy

Sir:

The Till trial [Oct. 3] made us realize as never before how fortunate we were to be born with white skins. Our conscience makes the way of life in Mississippi as nauseating as the way of life in Russia. And what difference is there between the two?

Any group of people that permits this despicable thing to exist does not deserve the freedoms and privileges which constitute our American heritage. What a sad, sad commentary on this supposedly free and just country.

MR. & MRS. D. E. HANSEN

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

... Before we Southern Protestants send missionaries to Catholic countries, we had better put our own house in order!

For the first time in my life, I am really ashamed to admit that I am a Southerner and a Protestant.

ROBERT BERTRAND

San Miguel, Calif.

TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1955

*Longines announces
the world's
most advanced
Automatic Watch.*



TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
22 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

World-wide acclaim greeted the debut of the first Longines Automatic Watch—the product of a million dollar, ten-year research program. Now, a decade later, Longines announces still further improvement in this distinguished masterpiece—the most advanced self-winding watch in the world.

In the Longines Automatic, harmonization of watch movement and automatic driving power has been achieved with astonishing simplicity and precision. The Longines Automatics promise in full measure all of the accuracy, the ruggedness and long life for which Longines watches are world honored. If you would like the convenience of an Automatic watch, Longines has made a style just for you. Longines Automatic watches are priced from \$75 to \$295. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler would be honored to serve you.

Illustrated: Longines Milan Sweep Automatic, 14K gold, \$175. Specifications: movement diameter, 25.30 mm; thickness, 6 mm; automatic winding mechanism, rotor system, silent, two directional; oscillating mass, scientifically designed balance—coefficient of friction = 0.05; coefficient of wear = 0.00; spring, stainless, unbreakable; winding control, stable; patented Longines spring clamp eliminates banking and loss of running time; running time, at rest 36 hours.

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES
NEW PACKAGED AIR CONDITIONER



TAKES NO FLOOR SPACE.... FASTENS TO CEILING!

G.E.'s All-In-One Unit meets the needs
of business where space is at a premium

Stores, offices and factories now have a new way to solve their air conditioning problems. G-E ceiling-mounted air conditioners entirely eliminate the problem of "where to put it". These compact units can be attached to the ceiling (or mounted on shelf)—without taking up a single square foot of floor space!

Air-cooled and water-cooled models. Where water is a serious problem, G-E air-cooled units are an ideal answer...use no water, require only air and electricity. G-E water-cooled units are also available. All units may be equipped with coils for winter heating.

All-in-one construction. These models are entirely self-contained. No remotely located parts to cut efficiency or cause refrigerant

leaks. Motor, compressor and condenser are sealed by flame to keep dirt and moisture out, vital refrigerant and oil in. And each cooling system carries G.E.'s famous 5-year warranty, including replacement labor and shipping.

Call your G-E dealer today! To get the full story of the many benefits these new air conditioners offer your business, contact your G-E dealer now (see classified phone book). He is a G-E trained contractor equipped to give you fast service—installation in hours—without interruption to business. For free booklet, "What Every Businessman Should Know About Weather Reflex", write General Electric Company, Commercial and Industrial Air Conditioning Dept., Bloomfield, N. J.



Takes "free" ceiling space only. Ideal for retail stores, from dress shops to super markets, where every foot of floor space earns extra profit dollars.



Industrial plants save space, too. Whether you have a small laboratory or a complete factory, G-E ceiling-mounted units free up useful working area.

Packaged AIR CONDITIONERS

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



This small plant helps build the world's mightiest bomber

Sounds impossible? It's a fact. This small, neat plant does a big and important job in protecting national security. It is Plasteck, Incorporated, which produces illuminated panels of laminated plastic for the Boeing B-52, mightiest of the world's global jet bombers. The PotEAU, Oklahoma, factory employs 125 workers, making it a small business by definition of the Federal Government.

But this plant could as well be a tool-and-die works in Indiana... a small and highly specialized manufacturer of aircraft fasteners in Alabama... a fabricator of sheet metal parts in California. It could be any one of about 3,500 small businesses, each employing fewer than

500 workers, which are subcontractors and suppliers for the B-52. There are also nearly 1,000 larger firms supplying everything from rivets to complete sub-assemblies for this "long rifle" of the Air Force.

Many of the small suppliers and contractors for the B-52 also furnish parts and assemblies for other Boeing planes: the B-47 jet medium bomber, the KC-97 aerial tanker, and the forthcoming KC-135 jet tanker-transport. But there are many additional suppliers, too, for these planes. Again, roughly three-quarters of them are small businesses.

This network of suppliers—small and large—skilled in aircraft work, provides Boeing, and the nation, an unique flexi-

bility in undertaking new projects, and for quick expansion in the event of a national emergency. In addition, other manufacturers supply equipment for the B-52 and other Boeing airplanes under separate Government contracts: engines, radio, radar, autopilot, armament, and so on. In many cases these manufacturers, too, have their own small-business subcontractors and suppliers throughout the land.

B-52s are now being delivered to Strategic Air Command. As one of the most powerful protectors of our country's security, it is fitting that the B-52 should be a nation-wide project. Small, medium and large businesses in 35 of our 48 states help produce it.

BOEING



Born 1820 . . . still going strong



MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker gets a hearty welcome after the shoot because he's good company in field or clubhouse. In fact, Johnnie Walker *everywhere* is the toast of people of good taste. They hail this matchless Scotch for its superb flavour, for its wholehearted mellowness, for its natural lightness. And so will you. *Red Label—Black Label—Both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*

Front, back, inside, and out —
there's no mistaking **THE BIG M**



ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT, there's big news in THE BIG M. For 1956 Mercury offers fresh new color styling, with new Flo-Tones (illustrated), as well as two-tones and solids, to suit every taste. Mercury's all new 210 and 225-horsepower V-8 SAFETY-STRUT

engines deliver that extra margin of power where and when you need it—for split-second pickup, safer passing, easier hill climbing. Another mark of Mercury leadership is Mercury's 40 new Safety-engineered features for added driver and passenger safety.



NEW TAIL-LIGHTS SAY "MERCURY"—As it glides ahead with all its quiet, smooth new "go," THE BIG M's new look is wide, low and lovely.



NEW INTERIOR DESIGNS SAY "MERCURY"—Rich, colorful nylons and vinyls add the look of luxury to the feel of spaciousness everybody wants to have.



BIG M CREST, GRILLE, HEAD LAMPS—ALL SAY "MERCURY"—There's so much to see! 12 magnificent new models in 3 exciting series! And a new fleet of low-silhouette hardtops! **MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

For 1956—the big move is to **THE BIG M MERCURY**

A MAGNIFICENT VALUE IN THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

25



They plan with light hearts

... they're insured in the New England Life

The blueprint for a new house is a glimpse of happiness for the whole family. It can be lasting happiness if the family is secure.

Every wise father knows how vital life insurance is to the security of his family. Yet many who firmly believe this are not aware that life insurance contracts differ widely in their provisions.

Before you buy your next policy, look into the notably liberal New England Life contract. It will be well worth *your* while.

Just as a house may someday need remodeling to fit a changed family situation — so, too, may your life insurance program. If you are insured in the New England Life, your policy's generous change of plan provision can mean a substantial saving for you in adjusting to new needs.

This and the many other benefits of the New England Life contract come to you at a cost which is competitively low. Ask a New England Life agent to explain these advantages. They add up to a *better life for you*.

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** INSURANCE COMPANY
 BOSTON, MASS.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Dodo's Dance

First [the Dodo] marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said), and then all the party were placed along the course here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away!" but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over.

—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

With the dominant figure in U.S. politics forced to the sidelines for—perhaps—the rest of the year, the national political situation last week began to take on the unreal air of the Dodo's caucus race. No one announced that anyone was running, but there was a persistent clatter of hurrying feet in a sort of circle.

Most Republican leaders refused to talk politics in public until the President is heard from. But wherever Republicans gathered, the conversation was bound to be urgent. Obviously, plans of attack were being drawn, and just as obviously the figure of Vice President Richard Nixon was growing larger and clearer in the G.O.P. picture.

On the Democratic track there was a good deal of joggling, which gave the situation its most unreal quality. From the Orient, Tennessee's Estes Kefauver sent back word that he had not yet made up his mind—an announcement that most observers took as another indication that he is already racing. Adlai Stevenson, continuing to insist that he has not decided whether to run, stepped out and made his first major political speech of the season, Averell Harriman, who has said that he is not running, was the guest of honor at a big political rally in his own back yard at Albany. At that rally Harry Truman, who said he was not ready to announce his choice, slyly intimated that he liked Ave better than he liked Adlai. With that, Averell Harriman loomed larger than ever on the Democratic horizon.

Amidst the confusion, each party has a stabilizing factor. In the G.O.P. Dwight Eisenhower could—if he would—be an important factor in selecting the nominee. Among Democrats, Harry Truman can—and he will—exert considerable influence. No matter what either man does, the prospect for the U.S. is a year-long, two-ring political circus that may well be the greatest show of its kind in U.S. history.

DEMOCRATS

Ave & Adlai

New York City's Democratic Boss Carmine De Sapio, whose postcard polls of the party faithful always brought forth the desired results, was cheered last week by a presidential preference survey of 200,000 registered New York State Democrats. The reported results: 81% for De

from the small crowd waiting in the rain at Green Bay. At the Northland Hotel he stayed close to his room, did not visit the Stevenson-for-President offices on the floor above.

In a low-keyed speech, Stevenson paid his respects to the President but criticized Administration policies; he accused Republicans of seeking "tax reduction at any price" while a long list of national



DEMOCRATS HARRIMAN & TRUMAN

One, two, three and away!

Sapio's man, Governor Averell Harriman, and 14% for Adlai Stevenson. In the Gallup poll, the Democratic picture was different: 55% for Stevenson, 16% for Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver and only 6% for Harriman. Whatever the figures, the fight last week was on. While the Keef doggedly nudged his way around the world (see PEOPLE), Adlai and Averell came out of their corners.

Drizzle in Green Bay. Stevenson made his first strictly political appearance and speech of the season at the Wisconsin State Democratic Convention in Green Bay. He seemed uncomfortably restrained, perhaps because he wanted to abstain from outright campaigning until his formal announcement next month. He did no glad-handing and he drew no cheers

problems remain unsolved "Our schools are crowded and inadequate . . . Our highways are inadequate . . . Our rivers still get out of hand . . . Our national parks have been starved." He added "We do not oppose tax cuts but . . . a responsible political party has greater responsibilities than winning votes at any price." His catchiest line was about Republican farm policy: "Instead of eliminating farm surpluses, as advertised, it is eliminating farmers."

Carnival in Albany. On the same day as Stevenson's speech, Averell Harriman was host to the first big political carnival of the season, a whooped-up "campaign workshop" in Albany for 1,700 Democrats running for local office in New York State this fall. Chief guest: Harry

S. Truman. At least four times in the last six months, Truman has said he would support Stevenson in a second try for the presidency, but last week he changed his line.

In Boston before the rally, Truman declared that he would only announce his choice at the convention itself next year. He called himself "Adlai's friend," but added that at 64, Harriman was not too old for the presidency. Next day in Albany, Truman joined Harriman at a reception for 150 party leaders and their wives. In the vast, flag-draped Albany armory, the mass of party hopefuls were given box lunches, armloads of campaign materials, and later speeches by De Sapo, Harriman and Truman. No speaker mentioned Adlai Stevenson, and his picture was not among the big portraits of party leaders placarding the hall. Biggest: Harriman and Truman. Some guests wore "Harriman in '56" buttons, but the word went around: "Take those off."

Next morning, however, after a night at the governor's mansion and a stroll through the state capitol (where he played a few chords on the piano), Harry Truman called Harriman "a genius" and gave his candidacy a boost. "He has all the qualifications [for President]," said Truman. "If I were a citizen of New York State, I know who I'd be for." Harriman beamed. Asked if he would say the same thing about Illinois, Stevenson's state, Truman smiled, replied: "There are three or four good men in the state of Illinois." Then, having dealt Harriman a pat on the back and Stevenson something sharper, Harry Truman left Albany, Ave Harriman, who had publicly pledged his support to Stevenson last summer, turned the knife: in a TV interview at week's end, while disclaiming any intent to run himself, he said that he felt no obligation to support Adlai Stevenson.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Time of Healing

It was a week of healing. The dead muscle tissue in President Eisenhower's heart had been carried away in the blood stream by "scavenger" cells, and new building cells were coming in to set up the fibrous tissue that would be a scar on the front wall of his heart.

The improvement in the President's condition could be charted by what his physicians were letting him do. His diet became more flexible. In midweek, former Sergeant John Mooney, the President's valet, stewed up a kettle of Ike's famed two-day vegetable soup, brought it to the hospital for a lunch. Physicians permitted the addition of the first personal item to the hospital room since the President entered it. Up on a bureau, where Ike could see it, went a color picture of grandson David Eisenhower, wearing a black cowboy hat and holding a fishing rod.

Important Gifts. One day Army Nurse Lorraine Knox brought in two copies of a quiz book she found in the hospital bookstore, and for two hours the President and the nurse worked at quizzes. Before the week was out, he was permitted to read for the first time since he became ill. But his greatest pleasure came when he opened a package from his grandchildren: Susan, 3, Barbara Anne, 6½, and David, 7½. Each child had sent an original drawing. David also sent a book, a 25¢ volume called *The Mackenzie Raid* by Colonel Red Reeder, a story of action on the Texas border around 1873. Each of the children filled out the personally wrapped packages with the most precious gift of all: two sticks of bubble gum. Showered with such important gifts, the President of the U.S. laughed more and felt better than he had at any time since he was stricken.

As the week went by, the nature of the business submitted to the President gradually went up the scale of importance. With his signature on papers prepared and cleared by the Government departments concerned, the President approved a whole series of important appointments, e.g., that of Herbert V. Prochnow, 58, a Chicago banker, as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. By week's end the President was well enough to hold his first important business conferences since he became ill, conferred twice with Vice President Richard Nixon (see below). This week he planned to confer with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles on the forthcoming Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference in Geneva.

He Wants to Walk. At the beginning of his third week of recovery, the President's physicians held two days of consultations and then—at a press conference—described his condition and outlined his prospects for the immediate future. The patient, said Boston Heart Specialist Paul Dudley White, is progressing satisfactorily. He looks and feels well; his temperature, pulse (low 70s) and blood pressure (132 over 80) are normal, and his circulation is excellent. His spirits and morale are good, his mind alert. In order to keep him "from bubbling over and to protect his heart from his overactive brain," he is given a small dose of sedatives when he awakens each morning. No complications have appeared, and they are now unlikely—but not impossible.

This week he would continue to rest in bed. If the weather permits, he will occasionally be pushed in his hospital bed out on the porches at each end of the hospital's eighth floor. In his conferences with Secretary Dulles and others, he will be "allowed to express his opinions," said Dr. White: letters he signs could well represent his own views. In the event of a real crisis requiring presidential decision, he would be fully able to act in reaching it.

Next week, the fourth week of recovery, the President may be carried or lifted to a chair; he will be permitted to paint a little while in bed. By the end of that week he may be sitting up all day. If all goes well, he will be allowed to have one business conference a day, may have a friend or two in to visit. In the fifth week, he probably will take a few steps; in the sixth he should be able to walk slowly. At the end of the sixth week, or about Nov. 6, he should be able to walk to the *Columbine III* for the flight east, but he may stay in Denver another week. Said Dr. White: "He doesn't wish to be carried onto the plane even if by so doing he could get away from here earlier."

After he goes east, the President will have to spend several weeks recuperating at his farm in Gettysburg. It will be nearly the end of the year before he will be ready to return to the White House. As for the long run, Dr. White refused to speculate. Said he: "The ultimate future is favorable, but any question about what he might be doing a year from now—such questions are unanswerable."

Associated Press

A GRANDSON'S PRESENT TO THE PRESIDENT
Also vegetable soup and bubble gum.

The Rock

Up the steps of Fitzsimons Army Hospital in Denver bounded a lean, taut man carrying a briefcase. To the photographers who flashed and clicked at him, he cast a cold glance of recognition and offered the slightest suggestion of a wave with his right hand. Hurrying into the hospital to see Patient Dwight Eisenhower, the visitor was confirming the estimate of a White House staffer who had said: "We'll have a taut ship now that old gimlet eye is here."

Old gimlet eye is Sherman Adams, Assistant to the President of the U.S., who last week settled into his newly adjusted position as the link running between the President and the presidency. Adams had established residence in a two-room bachelor officer's suite at Denver's Lowry Air Force Base, and had taken an office right across the hall from the office the President used before he was stricken. By 7:30 a.m. on each working day, Sherman Adams was at his plain metal desk in the uncarpeted, uncurtained office that seemed as flintlike and efficient as the man who was occupying it. Seated there, Adams fitted the nickname that he acquired back in New Hampshire: "the Rock."*

"O.K., S.A." Adams' Denver day usually began with a round of telephone calls to Washington, in which he reported on President Eisenhower's condition and talked business with Vice President Nixon and other officials. Each afternoon, after a careful check with the presidential physicians, he visited the patient for ten minutes or more. Before he went in, he decided what matters should be brought to the President's attention; then he cleared his agenda with the physicians. When he submitted a paper for signature, it was in as good order as was possible, it had been cleared by the Government department concerned, and it bore the "O.K., S.A." that President Eisenhower watches for on papers submitted to him in the White House or in the hospital.

At midweek, with his briefcase in one hand and a cardboard-roll carton containing his favorite fly rod in the other, Adams boarded a United Air Lines coach flight for Washington to attend meetings of the Cabinet and the National Security Council. When he arrived in Washington, reporters asked him why he had traveled coach rather than first class or by Government plane. Said Adams (who used to carry his lunch to the office in a paper bag when he was governor of New Hampshire in 1949-53): "You can save a lot of money that way."

The "Chief of Staff." By 7:30 the next morning Adams was at his desk in the White House, ready to meet with Vice President Nixon and to give the Cabinet and the NSC a detailed report on the President's condition. Throughout two days in Washington he conferred with



NIXON, ADAMS, WHITE & JOHN EISENHOWER
The major problem was to hold the boss down.

members of the White House staff to question, discuss and weigh matters connected with the problem of keeping the executive department running.

Under Dwight Eisenhower and Sherman Adams, the White House staff is organized more tightly, works more efficiently and more importantly than at any other time in U.S. history. As chief of staff, Adams has wider powers of decision and direction than any other presidential aide who has ever served in the White House. He is the channel through which most matters reach the President; he runs the staff with a firm hand and issues many an order in the President's name. While the President convalesces and gradually begins to do more work, Sherman Adams, the man at the President's door, will be even more powerful than he was before.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Visiting Hours

All week Richard Nixon went steadily about the task of being considerably more than a Vice President but substantially less than a President. Again he presided at meetings of the National Security Council and the Cabinet; every day he visited the White House executive offices to confer with presidential aides on day-to-day business; pointedly he announced that the Eisenhower team was carrying on cooperatively without any sign of "internal disputes and jealousies." Time and again he waved away questions on politics, insisting that he would not discuss the political situation until the President is back on the job. But steadily and inevitably, more and more politics began to revolve around him.

Word from the Voters. In Pollster George Gallup's first G.O.P. sounding since President Eisenhower became ill, Republican voters gave Nixon a slim lead for

the G.O.P. presidential nomination next year. Gallup's question: "Here is a list of men who have been mentioned as possible presidential candidates in 1956 for the Republican Party. If Eisenhower is not a candidate, which one would you like to see nominated?" The top runners—

Nixon	28%
Earl Warren	24%
Thomas E. Dewey	10%
Harold E. Stassen	10%
John Foster Dulles	9%

In the Vice President's home state there was a growing uproar about his new political position. California's Republican Governor Goodwin J. Knight, irrepressible as ever, made the blatant announcement that he will head a favorite son delegation to the Republican National Convention next year if President Eisenhower does not run, even if that means an open fight with Nixon. This was too much for California's Republican Representative Carl Hinshaw, a friend of Nixon, who said that he was appalled at Knight's "amazing antics" and "fantastic pretensions." Roared Hinshaw: "Except in the ambitious dreams of Mr. Knight, he is something of a political joke in national politics, and it will prove most unfortunate for the Republican Party in California and in the nation if this unseemly and almost indecent haste to exploit the unfortunate illness of President Eisenhower should result in creating a false impression of his real standing."

Letter from Denver. With every development being watched for political implications, a letter that arrived in the Vice President's mail one morning caused political antennas to throb all over the U.S. "Dear Dick," it began. "I hope you will continue to have meetings of the National Security Council and of the Cabinet over which you will preside in accord with the procedure which you have followed at

* Mrs. Adams, a bright, charming and sociable woman who has become a favorite at Washington gatherings, is known to friends as "the pebble."

my request in the past during my absence from Washington. As ever, Dwight D. Eisenhower." Some of Nixon's detractors took a long reach and said this was merely the President's way of keeping Nixon in his place. But two days later there was another announcement from Denver: the President had called the Vice President to a bedside conference.

At week's end the Vice President flew out of Washington's National Airport on a military plane to visit his chief. When the plane landed at Lowry Air Force base, Nixon stepped into a waiting sedan and was whisked off to the hospital. Less than two hours after his arrival, after a talk with the physicians, he walked into the President's room.

Report to the Chief. The visitor took a hard-backed hospital chair and moved it near the foot of the bed so that the patient, whose head was slightly elevated, could see him without strain. For 15 minutes the two talked quietly about how the Administration was functioning in the President's absence. Later Nixon explained to reporters: "I told him that no action had been taken that would not have been taken if he had been present, and that the business of government was going forward—in my opinion, and in the opinion of his close associates in the Cabinet—in exactly the same manner it would have gone forward if he had been present. I also told the President that he, as the man who had selected those who served in his official family, would have been gratified by their performance during this period."

The Vice President reported on the meetings of the National Security Council and the Cabinet, discussed such matters as the forthcoming White House conference on discrimination in employment and the planned visit to the U.S. of Guatemalan President Carlos Castillo Armas. There was one subject they did not talk about, said the Vice President. "There was no discussion of the future as far as political problems were concerned."

How did the President look? "Well, frankly, I was surprised to see how well he looked. I had heard from Sherman Adams and from Jim Hagerty and also the doctors that I would probably be very pleasantly surprised by what I saw, and I certainly was. He not only looked good, but in addition his spirit was tops. As I see it, speaking just as a layman, I think the major problem with the President in his recovery is to hold him down."

Next day the Vice President sat in on the medical consultations with the President's physicians. After that, with Sherman Adams, he again visited the President to discuss what problems and what Government officials Mr. Eisenhower wants to deal with personally in the coming weeks. Then Richard Nixon flew back to the job in Washington. In his second week as the acting captain of the Eisenhower team, he had performed with a tact and a sureness that added substantially to his growing stature on the U.S. political scene.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Basic Assets

This week, in simple, ringing, memorable sentences, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles laid out the nation's position in the world as of fall, 1955.

Because the Soviet Union's record is so sullied, Dulles told the American Legion's annual convention in Miami that it is impossible to tell whether the "spirit of Geneva" marks a genuine change of Communist purpose or whether it is a Communist maneuver.

As a result, the U.S. must follow a policy that will not rebuff a real change for the better, but will not expose the nation to mortal danger. "Fortunately," said the Secretary of State, "we have

portunity is to offer the world the example of an economy which, as a matter of free choice, produces vastly and distributes fairly."

Power. "We have power out of productivity: a part is set aside to make sure that the treasure house of freedom will not be pillaged. We do not like to divert human effort to nonproductive purposes, and it requires a strong sense of duty to apply, as we are doing, more than a tenth of all we produce to national defense. Our Government is striving to bring about conditions which might safely enable us to reduce this nonproductive diversion."

"We do not, however, intend to be reckless in this respect. We had to build hastily the military establishment we needed in World War I; and then we scrapped it. Then, with the coming of World War II, we built up what became the world's greatest military establishment; and again we scrapped it. Then, when the Korean war came, we had to build the third time. This time we do not propose to disarm ourselves unless we can be sure that others are doing the same."

Principles. "We have principles. Our productivity and our power do not rattle haphazardly about the world. They are harnessed to basic moral principles. There is a school of thought which claims that morality and foreign policy do not mix. That never has been, is not, and I pray never will be, the American ideal. Diplomacy which is divorced from morality also divorces the Government from the people. Our people can understand, and will support, policies which can be explained and understood in moral terms. But policies based on carefully calculated expediency could never be explained."

"As an example of the principles to which we adhere, I cite the principle that military force should not be used aggressively to achieve national goals. Recently, we were gravely provoked by the Chinese Communists, who retained and imprisoned 15 of our flyers in violation of the Korean armistice agreement. We had the power to take prompt and overwhelming reprisals. We did not do so, but relied upon the United Nations to bring moral pressures into play. Now all 15 are free and home. We hope that the Chinese Communists will accept for themselves this 'renunciation of force' principle. Until now, they have largely lived by the sword. But perhaps they are now beginning to see that persistence in the use of force will surely bring disaster."

"Some other nations would, at times, prefer it if the United States would deviate from basic principles to help them meet their immediate problems. If we do not do so, they may temporarily turn away. But underneath such surface dissatisfactions lies, I feel, a sense of respect for the United States because we at least try to live by principle. Certainly that is essential to our own sense of self-respect."

Partnership. "We have partnership. Modern developments in the field of communications have drawn nations physically together so that, as never before,



Walter Bennett

SECRETARY DULLES

Policy and principle are miscible.

basic assets, material and moral," to underpin that policy.

Productivity. "We have productivity," he said. "Our rate of productivity is the greatest in history, now estimated at nearly \$400 billion a year. The magnitude of that can be appreciated when it is noted that it is three times that of the Soviet Union with its much larger population. It is the result of free choice. No governmental decree forces men and women into work that is repugnant to them. And because people do work that they like, they strive to excel, and so become competitive and more productive."

"It is also significant that what our people freely produce is not only huge in quantity but it is widely distributed to bring rising standards of living. Forced labor can, of course, be made to produce some conspicuous results. The world is dotted with monuments of past despotisms, and some new ones are being built today. But admiration of such feats should not submerge pity for the human misery which they cost. Our duty and op-

what concerns one concerns many. It was always wrong to operate on the basis of 'each for himself and the devil take the hindmost.' Now it is also stupid. The United States now has partnership association for security with 44 nations. The result is to create a measure of security which no one, not even the strongest, could achieve on a purely national basis.

"The Soviet rulers profess to regard these developments as dangerous. They advocate—for others—what they call 'neutrality.' By this they mean that each nation should have the weakness which is inevitable when each depends on itself alone. But the Soviet rulers practice, for themselves, something very different from what they thus preach to others. They have forged a vast domain. The Soviet bloc represents an amalgamation of about 900 million people normally constituting more than 20 distinct national groups. [In view of this] the United States does not believe in practicing neutrality. Barring exceptional cases, neutrality today is an obsolete conception. It is like asking each community to forgo a police force, and to leave it to each citizen to defend his own home with his own gun."

Peace. "We have peace. Peace is the goal which we devoutly seek. But let us never forget that the peace we now have, and the peace which we would preserve, is not peace at any price. It is peace with freedom, purchased by those who were willing to fight and die. Last winter, when aggression threatened in the Formosa area, the Congress unitedly authorized the President to use the armed forces of the United States for the defense of our vital interests and of our ally in that area. I believe that this action contributed indispensably to the preservation of peace. Two years ago I said: 'If events are likely which will in fact lead us to fight, let us make clear our intention in advance; then we shall probably not have to fight.' The action of the Congress was an application of that doctrine."

Then John Foster Dulles set forth what is obviously the Eisenhower Administration's highest hope for results from its foreign policy. Said he: "There are some skeptics who doubt that change can be brought about peacefully. History does not justify this conclusion. The recent liberation of Austria came about primarily because world opinion insistently demanded it as a step which represented elemental justice. In the same way world opinion will act as a compulsion on the Soviet Union to relax its grip upon East Germany and to permit the unification of Germany. Also, I believe that world opinion will compel the restoration of national independence to the captive states of Eastern Europe. Independence must also come to those dependent countries whose people desire independence and are capable of sustaining it. We can, and indeed we must, look forward to an era of peaceful change. We do not seek other than peace, but also, we do not seek a peace other than one which will be curative and creative."

Seeking Shelter

As the candid awe of the recent Russian farm delegation indicated, the U.S. need have no doubts about the skill of its agricultural production. Housing is another matter. For two decades before the end of World War II, the U.S. fell behind badly. Since then, a housing boom has gone far to close the gap, but whether its quality matches its quantity is still questionable. Last week a visit by ten top Russian housing administrators provided some interesting insights.

Invited by the National Association of Home Builders, the Russians arrived in Washington for a 30-day tour of 13 cities to study U.S. methods. Their chief: hearty but acid I. K. Kozulia, boss of all urban



RUSSIA'S VLASOV
Portliness won't mix with butterflies.

construction in the U.S.S.R. Their manner: inquisitive skepticism, caused partly by apparent unwillingness to be as folksy as the Russian farm group, partly by what they saw.

"Very Progressive." In nearby North Springfield, Va., the businesslike Russians inspected a big new tract of mass-built, medium-priced (\$14,000-\$18,000) houses. On the way, they commented on the lack of flowers along the roads, later expressed amazement that so many trees had been cut down at the building site. "In Russia," one of them said, "anyone who cuts down a tree without permission is heavily fined."

Then they began dozens of questions about mass-production methods, approvingly appraised mechanized earth-movers. New to them, and thunderously thumped, were steel doors and gypsum-board walls to substitute for plaster, as well as cost-cutting low ceilings, which they carefully measured. They showed puzzlement when a builder explained the usefulness of a low room divider between a living room

and dining area. Placed on the divider, said the builder, a swiveling TV set permits children to view while eating. "It's been one of the biggest selling points of this house," he said. The Russians burst into laughter. Then one murmured politely: "Very progressive."

Work Harder. After watching portly A. V. Vlasov, head of the Soviet Academy of Architecture, struggle good-naturedly with a tippy butterfly chair, the delegates were shown by pretty, pink-clad hostesses around a futuristic pink kitchen. The Russians were unimpressed. Noting a built-in radio, Kozulia ventured to suggest that housewives might be distracted and let the lunch burn. When he saw a built-in cosmetics drawer near the sink, he cracked: "And do you also sleep in the kitchen?" Again a builder explained: "You'd be surprised how this helps sell houses." Said Kozulia: "Oh, I see, it helps soften criticism."

The Eyes Are Better. As N.A.H.B.'s President Earl Smith proudly showed the Russians his plush new Washington headquarters, Kozulia gave more evidence of his skill at one-upmanship. Learning that Smith sometimes spends twelve hours a day in the modernistic office, the Russian said: "The Soviets believe that when you sit in your office it is less profitable than when you spend time outside on the building projects." Replied Smith: "Oh, but I keep in touch by using the telephone. I'm on the phone a great deal." Sternly, Kozulia played: "The phone is all right, but the eyes are better."

In Boston, the delegates hurried through a tight schedule with their newly learned American phrase: "Let's go." They were intensely interested in all forms of prefabrication and multi-family housing. They popped prepacked shingles into their briefcases, amassed samples of every description. But frills and capitalist oddities mystified them. Watching a school going up, N. P. Lysenko, Kiev building boss, thought the highly paid hod carriers lugging bricks from a huge pile to waiting masons were bottlenecking the operation. In Russia, he said, bricks are unloaded in packages at a mason's elbow. And when one delegate saw a new floor being sand-d, he asked: "Why? Is it faulty?"

To persistent questions about the state of their own housing at home, they gave only vague answers, and understandably so. Forced industrialization has nearly trebled Soviet urban population since 1926. But disorganization and war destruction have crippled housing so badly that Soviet courts and newspapers are jammed with complaints. According to a recent survey by Radio Liberation, the Soviet city dweller now has only 42.7 sq. ft. of living space v. 61.4 sq. ft. in 1926 (minimum provided by New York's Low Rent Public Housing: 198 sq. ft.). An average Soviet family of four must share its utilities (one water faucet, three electric outlets, no gas) with eight other people.

Insisted Minister Kozulia: The situation will soon be improved "190%."

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Versatile Banker

From *Meditations on the Ten Commandments to The Toastmaster's Handbook to Term Loans and Theories of Bank Liquidity*, the titles of books he has written indicate the versatility of Herbert Victor Prochnow (rhymes with stock low), 58, vice president of Chicago's First National Bank, largest in the Midwest. Last week Herb Prochnow took on a new and demanding job: the State Department's top economic post, Deputy Under Secretary for Economic Affairs.

Prochnow, who succeeds Samuel Waugh (now president of the Export-Import Bank), will help handle foreign aid, trade and tariff negotiations, and programs to stimulate overseas investments. He got off to a flying start; while his nomination was in the works, he left with Under Secretary Herbert Hoover Jr. for a flying tour of trouble spots in the Far East. By the time his appointment was duly approved and signed by the President, convalescing in Denver, Prochnow was in Tokyo talking with Japan's top officials.

"A Certain Experience." Born in Wisconsin's dairy country of German stock, Herb Prochnow was a high-school principal at 20. When the U.S. entered World War I, he volunteered but was turned down for weak eyesight. He wrote to President Wilson, pleading to serve. Presidential Secretary Joseph Tumulty wrote back, telling Prochnow he could become a noncombatant medical corpsman. Prochnow was in Europe within the month, stayed there 14 months on a hospital train.

Back in the U.S., Prochnow went to the University of Wisconsin, got his bachelor's degree in commerce and his master's in economics (he won his Ph.D. in finance at Northwestern University at 50), and went to work as a purchasing agent for Chicago's Union Trust Co., which later merged with the First National Bank. As vice president at First National, in charge of foreign banking, Prochnow traveled to nearly every country in the world. "Out of this," he says drily, "has come a certain amount of experience."

When spare, grey Herb Prochnow speaks conversationally, his low voice can barely be heard over the humming of the air-conditioning units in the vast First National Bank building. Yet he is one of Chicago's most popular speakers. Besides *The Toastmaster's Handbook*, he has written *The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest*, *The Speaker's Handbook of Epigrams and Witisms*, *The Speaker's Treasury of Stories for All Occasions*, and *1001 Ways to Improve Your Conversation and Speeches*.^{*} Some Prochnow advice: "Do not overemphasize to the listener or reader that the story you are about to relate is an extraordinarily good one. Your praise

may be too lavish . . . You should not applaud your own story. If the story you have told has made no impression on the listener, do not repeat it in a vain attempt to get some response . . . Unless you are very good at it, never use a dialect in telling an anecdote."

A typical Prochnow story:

Waiter: May I help you with that soup, sir?

Diner: What do you mean, help me? I don't need any help.

Waiter: Sorry, sir. From the sound I thought you might wish to be dragged ashore.

"The Greatest Force." Late in August Prochnow got a telephone call from Under Secretary Herbert Hoover Jr., asking him to come to Washington to see Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, whom



UNDER SECRETARY PROCHNOW
After dinner, expert advice.

he had never met. He found Dulles a relaxed, amiable host, who appeared to want to talk mostly about religion. "He seemed to know all about my church work," says Prochnow, who, like Dulles, is a prominent Presbyterian layman.

The two talked for a while about the problems of church administration, then Dulles came to the point, asked Prochnow to take over the economic-affairs job. Prochnow went back to Chicago to think it over, accepted. Says Prochnow: "To me, the greatest single economic force in the world today is the determination of the common man to raise his standard of living. In some cases, private industry is trying to do the job, in others the people are being shepherded by governments. I would like to see other countries developed under the free-enterprise system, but we cannot force or compel them. We can only try to persuade them by setting a good example. America can show the world that it has developed an exceptionally rewarding society."

THE LAW

Battling the Backlog

In British courts, lawsuits, civil and criminal, come to trial within six months. In the U.S., which professes as much respect as Britain for the principle that "justice delayed is justice denied," it takes more than four years, in some Federal District Courts, to get a case to trial. Last week Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers warned that, if the backlog of cases is not drastically reduced, the Department of Justice "will be prepared to try cases throughout the summer months to take care of what we believe is an emergency situation in our courts."

Addressing the annual United States Attorneys' conference in Washington, Rogers gave the attorneys a clear warning. "The department," he said, "hopes and expects to reduce this backlog of pending cases by 25% by next June 30—or by 7,500 cases at least." Rogers knew whereof he spoke. Of the 13 federal judges in the District of Columbia, only three sat last July, four in August and one in September—although the docket is two years behind. In the six-judge Brooklyn court, no civil case was tried during July, August and September. This was in a district where the docket is about 52 months behind.

The picture was not entirely bleak, Rogers pointed out. In September 1954, 34,521 cases were pending in federal courts. Nine months later, on June 30, 1955, 29,979 cases were pending—a reduction of 4,542. "However," said Rogers, "we cannot be satisfied with the rate of reduction." Adding his voice to that of his deputy, Attorney General Herbert Brownell told the lawyers that the backlog was the department's No. 1 problem. "The immediate objective of the 94 U.S. Attorneys," he said, "is to obtain swifter justice in the courts of our land."

DISASTERS

Waiting Room

The administration building at Salt Lake City's Municipal Airport was crowded, as usual, one morning last week. Friends and relatives jammed into its tiny, outgrown waiting room, impatient to greet passengers aboard a United Air Lines DC-4, enroute from New York to San Francisco. Aboard the big air coach were two executives of Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. and their wives, on their way to a conference in Salt Lake City. There were also five women, members of the famed 370-voice Mormon Tabernacle Choir. They had been on the choir's summer tour of Europe (Time, Sept. 10) and were on their way home to Utah. Also aboard was Dale Brown, an employee of a Hawaiian pineapple company, with his mother. Because Mrs. Grace Brown was nervous about making her first flight, her son had flown all the way to Kansas in order to escort her to Honolulu.

The scheduled time of arrival, 9:06

^{*} Prochnow's output, if not his sales, surpassed that of another banker-author, Manhattan's Bank of New York Vice President Edward Streeter, who wrote *Dere Mable, Father of the Bride*, etc.

a.m., came and went, with no sign of the airliner. As the minutes ticked by, a slight feeling of tension invaded the waiting room. Children fidgeted. "Listen," said a patient father. "When the man says on the loudspeaker, 'United Air Lines Flight 409 now arriving at Gate One,' that will be mommy's plane."

The announcement never came. Instead, there was a terse bulletin stating that the plane would be an hour late. Later it was announced that it would be two hours late. Finally the dreaded announcement came: Flight 409 was down. Late in the afternoon the anguished people in the waiting room learned that Flight 409, inexplicably 25 miles west of its course, had crashed into 12,005-ft. Medicine Bow Peak near Laramie, Wyo., killing all 66 aboard. It was the worst commercial airliner crash in U.S. history.

OREGON

Ten Dam Nights

From the beginning of his Administration, President Eisenhower has favored a decrease in the huge financial responsibilities taken on by the Federal Government under the New Deal. His theory: U.S. prosperity is better served by local enterprise than by federal expansion. "Partnership" in water-resources development is one facet of the theory. The Administration argues that local power companies (public and private) should share costs and profits, cutting federal investment to costs beyond the reach of local enterprisers. Opponents say major projects should be wholly financed by the Government for "all the people."

Last week in Oregon, where partisanship has veiled the partnership program in obscurity, the issue came to life in a series of ten lively debates up and down the state between Democratic Senator Richard Neuberger and Republican Representative Sam Coon. Proposition: "The John Day* bill (introduced in the House last spring by Coon) is in the public interest."

The bill concerns a Northwest nightmare: a burning need for more and more power at cheap rates. The New Deal spent millions for dams on the Columbia River, made Northwesterners the nation's biggest consumers of hydroelectric power. But the huge Northwest power pool, 58% generated by the Government, brought so much new industry and population that today the Northwest may have a serious power shortage by 1960. Although new dams are badly needed, Congress is now reluctant to grant the whopping sums they would cost.

A Swallow? A debatable solution is Sam Coon's John Day bill, which proposes the most elaborate partnership deal

so far. Three local private companies would pay \$273 million for the power-producing features of a \$310 million dam across the Columbia River, in return get priority on its output for 50 years. The Government would build John Day Dam, own it forever and pay \$37 million for navigation and flood-control features that return no profit. John Day would have a capacity of 1,105,000 kilowatts of power (twice the potential of Bonneville Dam), permit slack-water commercial navigation 328 miles up the Columbia River from the Pacific Ocean to the wheat-growing Inland Empire.

Dick Neuberger, a highly vocal anti-partnership partisan, was spoiling to get a Republican on the debating platform, when Cattleman Sam Coon bravely accepted the challenge to defend his bill in public. Said Coon: "I've never run away from a fight in my life when I've known

guard. Washington State might conceivably be entitled to 83% of all Northwest power on the basis of its proximity to dam sites.

Then the Senator cited the Bonneville Power Administration's rates as lowest in the U.S. (an average 2.3 mills per kw-h to industrial customers); one of the proposed partner's rates (averaging 8.2 mills). "How many industries do you think we could get at 8.2 mills?" he asked. "None. N-O-N-E."

Defended Coon: "I want to see these dams and these payrolls now, not in 12 or 27 years. . . . I sometimes think the Senator would rather see Oregon turned into a desert than let one kilowatt of power be generated by a private firm." Insisted Neuberger: The shortage can be solved if the Northwest patiently fights for bigger federal appropriations.

For ten frenetic nights, the debaters



Kirk Smith

DEBATERS NEUBERGER & COON
A Northwest nightmare, sharply discussed.

I was right, and I'm right now, so here I am."

In noisy small-town auditoriums, Coon argued that in view of congressional reluctance to pay for John Day, his bill was the only way to get it. Neuberger argued that no matter how long it took to get the dam, private utilities should not get the profits. Said he: "It isn't a partnership when one of the partners is allowed to swallow the other. . . . I wouldn't care who owned General Motors if I could just have all the autos that come off the production line for the next 50 years."

A Desert? At Pendleton, Neuberger pointed out that Coon's bill eliminates the "preference clause" in federal-power development, which now gives publicly owned municipal and rural electrification systems priority over private companies in getting federal power. Replied Coon: Oregon gets only 24% of the Northwest output; eliminating public preference would "give Oregon consumers a break." Countered Neuberger: By setting a precedent for eliminating the traditional safe-

brought out the biggest crowds in years. They tended to sympathize with Sam Coon. "Sam's sort of one of them," observed a small-town editor, but he added: "Neuberger easily out-debated him."

Neuberger needed Coon to "tell all these people exactly who wrote the John Day bill," declared that it was drafted by the president of a power company proposed as one of the Government's partners. Coon admitted that he had "expert consultation," but that he was the author.

In Bend, as the debate ended, Neuberger summed up: "Speeches for free enterprise won't bring industry and payrolls to the Pacific Northwest. Low-cost power will." But to Neuberger's reiterated faith in federal enterprise, Sam Coon replied that his opponent favors "socializing the electricity industry. . . . He has lost this debate because he has been on the wrong side of the fence." Oregonians, enlightened and titillated at the same time, had learned much about one of the most important (and still unsolved) issues in their lives.

* John Day was a hunter who worked for Fur Baron John Jacob Astor, suffered such hardship while lost for a winter in the Oregon wilderness that he was insane, when found in May 1882, and died soon after. In memoriam, Day's name was given to a small Columbia River tributary near The Dalles.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

The Existors

"The French will stay in North Africa as long as France exists. But does France exist?"

—Abd el Krim,
as quoted by Author John Gunther.

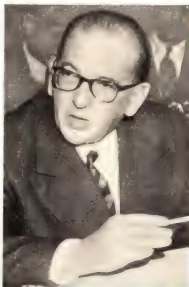
When ex-Premier Mendès-France offered the Assembly a bold program of action, the Deputies at first found it refreshing. But on further consideration, they decided that they did not like Mendès' brand of boldness. "Adventurism," they called it, and dismissed Mendès. Premier Edgar Faure offered them the opposite—a policy of the political carom shot, the showdown avoided, the adroit maneuver, the delicate adjustment. Last week the Deputies of France suddenly discovered that they were no longer amused by Edgar's "cleverness" either. Since in France the Assembly's whim is sovereign, this petulance brought France's government to its knees.

Some of the enemies of change in North Africa, were delighted. "The condition of the government is deteriorating satisfactorily," crowed one Deputy. All week long, owlish Edgar Faure maneuvered desperately to keep his government in power. He appealed to Frenchmen's patriotic pride, charging that the North African troubles were part of an "international offensive" against France, defending France's walk-out from the U.N. Assembly rather than accept debate on Algeria. "Although France is weakened at present, she remains strong enough to abandon nothing of her national dignity," he cried.

But the crucial issue was Morocco, and there, Faure's carom shots had brought the crisis on himself. Three months ago he had sent Gilbert Grandval to Morocco to devise a plan. Grandval did. But when diehard colonists objected, Faure reacted characteristically. He adopted the plan and fired the man who devised it.

Who Obeys Whom? Like any attempt at appeasement, it encouraged his enemies, alienated his supporters. His own Defense Minister dared to oppose him; generals defied his wishes. His new Resident General, the colonists' candidate, General Boyer de Latour, carried out Faure's orders only as he saw fit. Rather than institute the three-man regency council that Faure had proposed, De Latour let Sultan Moulay Ben Arafat delegate his powers to a cousin. "Whom does General de Latour obey—your government or Marshal Juin or [Defense Minister] Koenig?" demanded the Socialists.

As the Assembly came back from its summer recess last week, Faure's government seemed to have only hours to live. Even the most dedicated advocates of Faure's planned reforms were disgusted at Faure's dithering. Returning from a quick meeting with West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, Faure was greeted by



PREMIER FAURE
At last, the promise.

aides bearing the bad news: Defense Minister Koenig and three other Gaullists had decided to withdraw from the Cabinet, and were demanding Faure's resignation in favor of a government of "national public salvation" to "re-establish French prestige throughout the world."

Faure was stung to sharp action. Calling a Cabinet meeting next morning, he sacked the ministers without waiting for their resignations; within hours he had installed as Defense Minister retired General Pierre Billotte, a member of the so-called "dissident Gaullists." Billotte's first order was a stern warning to defiant French generals: henceforth, "every French soldier, regardless of rank, will do his duty." Then Billotte hastened to Morocco, with

orders to hustle De Latour into doing what Faure had already told him to do—form a regency council.

But the Gaullist defection started a political bank run. Backbench Deputies besieged their leaders, urging them to desert the government. They had differing reasons, but a single fear: if this government was blamed for "losing North Africa," they stood to lose their seats in next year's elections. The dissident Gaullists caucused and demanded that Minister of Moroccan and Tunisian Affairs Pierre July resign. July refused. Then, the Independents voted for the withdrawal of Foreign Minister Pinay and the Independents' two other Cabinet members.

Too Far Too Fast. Little, deadpan Antoine Pinay, a Premier for ten months back in 1952, is not even the official leader of his own Independents. But he is uncontested No. 1 man of the right side of France's Assembly, accepted as boss by most of the 130 right-wing Deputies of four parties who call themselves "the moderates." Pinay was long known to be skeptical of "going too far too fast" in North Africa. If Pinay deserted, Faure was doomed. And if Faure fell, Pinay was the right-wingers' choice to succeed him.

Pinay did not desert. He summoned the moderates to a meeting, told them bluntly that he would not accept the premiership if Faure was brought down. To reporters he snapped: "I remain with Edgar. To hell with all the others."

Pinay had checked the run. Premier Faure strode into the Chamber and told the restless Deputies: "To criticize is not enough. Those who criticize must have another policy." To this challenge, the Deputies had no answer. Not even the Gaullists were recommending a return to all-out repression; not even the Socialists were objecting to the Faure program, only to the delays in carrying it out. With elections so near, nobody wanted either blame or credit for a different policy.

But delay had cost high in hitherness, frustration and inflamed passions.

¶ Violence increased in both Algeria and Morocco. In Morocco, 700 Berber tribesmen burst out of the Atlas Mountains southeast of Fez and fell on the small French outpost of Imouzzer des Marmoucha. At exactly the same time, 90 miles to the north, other hands attacked the small town of Bourred and two nearby outposts facing the border of Spanish Morocco. The besiegers cut roads, demolished bridges, held up French relief columns for six days before melting back into the hills. The attackers were highly organized, well armed, and skillfully directed by uniformed officers. The French bitterly charged that they were directed from Cairo (where Egypt gives sympathetic asylum to exiled Moroccan leaders), trained and harbored in Spanish Morocco.

¶ In Morocco, 600 angry *colons* demonstrated against Deputy Resident General



François de Panafieu because he had pressed De Latour to implement Faure's program for a three-man regency council. To placate them, De Panafieu offered his resignation on the spot (later, Billotte refused to accept it).

¶ In Rouen, 400 young reservists recalled to duty for service in North Africa mutinied as they were about to be loaded on trucks for shipment to Morocco. They locked their officers in the barracks; kitchen, stood off police for 24 hours. Crowds of sympathetic workers, egged on by Communist leaders, hurled stones and even gasoline bombs at the police.

Mutiny is an ugly word, and in the Chamber, Deputies were sobered. Faure made a last, stern appeal: stop bickering, and make up your mind on what France should do in North Africa. Lest France be left alone and friendless in the world, he pleaded, "we must have a clear policy—not powerless sulking."

For the Sake of Reform. Slowly Faure picked up support. At week's end the Socialists reluctantly decided they would support him—for the sake of North African reform, which they approve, rather than Faure himself, whom they do not. With their 105 votes, they more than made up for the defecting Gaullists. Though Faure insisted he did not want or need them, the Communists (60 votes) also threw in with the Premier.

It was more than enough. After three days of bickering debate, the Deputies approved Faure's policy for Morocco by an emphatic 477 to 140. Significantly, it was not a vote of confidence in Faure himself, which he had not dared ask.

The Deputies had given their approval with ill grace, and for a reason they might better have recognized before they launched into the debate—no other course was possible. But the 7,500,000 natives of Morocco, for 43 years a French protectorate, had at last the National Assembly's promise of reforms leading to greater self-rule and, ultimately, to a transformation from colonial subservience to "interdependence within interdependence" with France.

GERMANY

The Wagnerian Finale

Few stories are better known or more poorly documented than that of the death of Adolf Hitler. Popular imagination of the world over has been quick to seize on the macabre details of those last days in the bunker in flaming Berlin, where a mad genius cringed in the rain of Allied bombs and felt the walls of his terrible world closing in upon him. The suicide of his scheming henchman Goebbels, the defection of those who fattened on the blood he had spilled, the last-minute marriage with his blowzy mistress Eva Braun, the suicide pact they made together, and the final dispatch of their bodies to Valhalla in the flames of a funeral pyre wrote a tawdry Wagnerian finish to the evil story.

Yet few of the details which made the story so plausible have been adequately

attested. U.S. and British investigation of Hitler's death did not even begin until long after the Russians had made their own inquiry and carted off most of the evidence. "From personal and official knowledge," said Russia's Marshal Zhukov, then commander of Berlin, "we can say that Hitler had good opportunities to make a getaway with his bride." No official Russian report was ever forthcoming to indicate what that knowledge was; no eyewitnesses stepped forward to refute or endorse it. Instead a host of rumors and lesser legends arose to pique the imagination with the suggestion that Hitler was alive and biding his time for reconquest; he was hiding out in Argentina, the mountains of Bavaria, the Peruvian Andes. The probate courts of West Germany, seeking to settle Hitler's estate, could establish no satisfying proof that the man was dead.

Last week the first of the 9,636 German war prisoners whose release was promised

truth, this was at last the incontrovertible eyewitness testimony needed to declare Adolf Hitler legally dead and put a period to the tale.

Did Hitler really fly into towering rages and chew up rugs? Linge was asked, "I can only laugh at that," said he. "Hitler always had himself in complete control." Why, then, had he killed himself? "Because," said Hitler's valet, "everything was hopeless."

THE SAAR

Yes or No

The packed little hall in the Saar mining town of Illingen crackled with excitement. Behind the stage, huge and threatening, a black eagle glared down from a red banner with the three initials of the new Saar Democratic Party (DPS) slashed white across its breast. Party Chieftain Heinrich Schneider, a stocky, sad-eyed lawyer of 48, bounded onto the platform to speak. The crowd of coal miners—yellow-haired youngsters and grizzled, Russian-front veterans—stiffened in anticipation, ready to jump frenziedly at his every hoarse shout.

"We are Germans!" cried Schneider, an oldtime Nazi who worked for Goebbels' propaganda ministry in World War II. "When we vote on the 23rd, we will be the first Germans to show that Germans want to be reunited!" The miners rose, cheered, and burst first into *Deutschland Über Alles* and then into *Deutsch Ist die Saar* (The Saar Is German), a song unheard since Hitler's fall.

For three months such pro-German rallies have exploded almost nightly in the French-controlled, German-speaking industrial border basin of the Saar. They are a prelude to decision: next week the Saar's 960,000 citizens will freely vote, *ja* or *nein*, whether to accept the statute which French and German statesmen finally agreed on last year as the best means of taking a 1,000-year-old quarrel out of politics until a final World War II peace treaty is sealed. Should the Saarlanders vote *ja*, their borderland, which has changed hands four times in the last three European wars, would be "Europeanized," i.e., granted political autonomy under the new seven-nation Western European Union, and continued in its post-war economic union with France. A commissioner, probably British, would oversee the Saar on behalf of WEU, but an elected Landtag of Saarlanders would continue to run Saar affairs. The Saar's 13 million tons of coal and most of its 3,000,000 tons of steel a year would remain French-controlled, giving France about equal balance with the Ruhr-rich West Germans in the European Coal and Steel Community.

The Instincts of the Past. But it was likely that this long-sighted plan to Europeanize the Saar would not be realized. Whipping up the old nationalist instincts among the German-speaking Saarlanders, ex-Nazi Schneider had pulled together three new pro-German parties into a



Associated Press

VALET LINGE

Round and round old Hitler's grave.

at the Russo-German Moscow conference reached a drab reception center in Friedland. Among them were two who claimed to have seen the Hitler finale with their own eyes. One was his old pilot, SS Major General Hans Baur, who was captured in Berlin. Baur said positively that Hitler and Eva Braun were dead. "Hitler said goodbye to me and then shot himself," Baur told newsmen. Baur did not see the Führer's body.

The other ex-prisoner was Hitler's valet, Heinz Linge, who was held for interrogation for three years in Moscow before being sent to a P.W. camp. The Führer and Eva, said Linge, "were alone in one of the bunker rooms. Eva Braun took poison. Hitler shot himself. I carried his body out of the bunker and then helped pour the gasoline over it." He watched for five minutes while flames devoured the leader of the master race. If Linge spoke the



SAAR PREMIER HOFFMANN
Old interests.

'Homeland Front'—skipping over the fact that it was the government of the homeland that was earnestly backing the Europeanization of the Saar. By the force of his devotion to the ideal of European unity, above and beyond the desires of nationalism, Konrad Adenauer had been able to check West Germany's yearning to own the Saar, but he had not been able to arrest the Saar's own case of Germanic nationalism. Under Schneider's lashing, personal attacks, the European status had become dangerously linked with the uncertain fortunes of its chief proponent, Saar Premier Johannes ("Joho") Hoffmann and his pro-French Christian People's Party. The pro-Germans made up a word for his supporters—*Speckfranzosen*, i.e., literally, bacon-Frenchmen; loosely, pro-French for material interests. They jeered at the portly Joho as a longtime French puppet, and threw stones and stink bombs to break up his meetings. Whenever he appeared, crowds were on hand to beset him. When he addressed Brebach steelworkers last week, hecklers crowded outside the hall and yelled "*Plui!*" when he left.

Last week Konrad Adenauer and France's Premier Edgar Faure took off, in the midst of all their other perplexities, to meet in Luxembourg for an eight-hour session on how to save the Saar statute. Adenauer tried to get Faure to put off the referendum and pressure Joho into calling a Landtag election so that Saarlanders might vent their hostility on Hoffman without making the Saar statute an innocent victim of his unpopularity. But Paris and Bonn had explicitly agreed not to intervene in the Saar's decision-making, and so the two leaders agreed only to put out a vague statement saying that they still believed in "Europe."

The Meaning of No. If the Saarlanders should vote *nein*, the French say that the Saar would simply remain French-

controlled territory as before, its riches funneled into the French economy. But the Saar nationalists, should they win, could not be expected to retire into the corners and stay quiet. The French recall what happened after Hitler won the Saar from them in another referendum 20 years ago. "German nationalism is looking for its first success in the Saar," wrote Marcel Edmond Naegelen, onetime French governor of Metz (the formerly German capital of Lorraine). "If Germany succeeds, she won't stop there, and she will want to succeed elsewhere in the West." At any rate, onlookers waited uncomfortably for a vote that is crucial to the future not only of the 900-square-mile Saar, but of far bigger things: Franco-German amity and European unity.

GREAT BRITAIN

Pruning the Horse's Oats

The prosperity that carried Britain's Conservatives to high good health at the polls last May had itself taken on a disconcerting pallor by the time the Tories gathered at Bournemouth last week for their annual party conference. Though they called it a "victory" conference, the Conservatives were hardly in a mood for self-congratulation. Instead, they were anxious to hear from their leaders that some steps were being taken to curb Britain's worsening gold and dollar position and growing inflationary pressures, rising cost of living. The leaders obliged.

From Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler came a promise of continued stiffening of bank credit and an indication—certain to raise a din from the Laborite opposition—of cutbacks in food and housing subsidies, public works and other aspects of the Labor-fostered welfare state. Butler called it a program to "expand success and curb excess." "I did not know the horse would be so excitable when it saw the oats of freedom," said Rab Butler, less apt at figures of speech than figures of finance. "We need to prune back our roses to get better blooms."

From Prime Minister Anthony Eden came even bigger deflationary news: a cut of 12½% in Britain's defense forces; a reduction in the armed forces (mostly in the army) from 800,000 to 700,000. "We are confident we can discharge our treaty obligations and maintain our position as a world power despite this reduction in numbers," said Eden.

CYPRUS

Deadlock

At Nicosia airport, a British field marshal stepped off an R.A.F. Hastings transport, eyed the awaiting refreshments, turned to a cluster of local dignitaries and snapped, "Let's cut the cocktails and go into town." Sir John Harding had taken over as the new governor of Britain's crown colony of Cyprus.

Within an hour, Governor Harding telephoned Archbishop Myriarthefs Makarios,



CAMPAIGNER SCHNEIDER
Old instincts.

leader of the Greek Cypriot drive for *enosis* (union) with Greece, and arranged to meet him next day on the "neutral ground" of Nicosia's Ledra Palace hotel. Then the governor conferred in fast succession with 35 local officials, called in newsmen to tell them that he would have a "man-to-man talk" with Makarios and would "lay all my cards on the table."

The Ledra Palace hotel apparently set aside its cardroom for the meeting. Genially, the tall, full-bearded archbishop greeted his tough-minded antagonist, quickly offered a compromise plan: the Greek Cypriots would give up their demand for an immediate plebiscite if the British would promise the islanders eventual self-determination on a gradual but steady schedule. Once the Cypriots' right to decide their own future is recognized, said the archbishop, he would be willing to collaborate with colonial authorities in framing an interim constitution. By his acts—and omissions—in the growing dispute over Cyprus, the archbishop had proved his titular power to speak for almost all 410,000 Greek Cypriots, and, to a great extent, for mainland Greeks as well. Sir John sent Makarios' offer to London.

While cables passed back and forth, fresh violence boiled up. In one town masked terrorists disarmed, bound and gagged five constables; in another a gunman shot and critically wounded a British mining engineer. In still another a Greek Cypriot policeman fell dead from an assassin's bullet. In the week's worst incident, as reported by one newsman, chivalry caused a British retreat. As British troops approached a village near the Baths of Aphrodite, they were met by a solid phalanx of island women. Aphrodite's daughters shielding Ares' stone-hurling sons. Thus protected, the men showered stones on the British Tommies, forcing them to retire.

At week's end Sir John Harding personally delivered London's reply to the archbishop: a stern no. Britain, as immovable as any of Aphrodite's daughters, was not yet ready to loosen its grip on its eastern Mediterranean military command post by conceding the right of self-determination.

GREECE

The Resolute Hand

Behind shuttered windows in a villa outside Athens, doctors fought for the future of Greece. Tuberculosis, contracted in Nazi concentration camps, had finally struck down aging (71) Field Marshal Alexander Papagos. For months the news was played down while the ailing Premier directed affairs of state through deputies. The resolute hand that had steered Greece through the last three years was needed in a new crisis. U.S. economic aid was dwindling, the country was in a bitter mood about Cyprus, and Greek Communists were pushing for a popular front. But one night last week, life ebbed from the bedridden Papagos, leaving Greece adrift in a sea of irresolution.

More than once Alexander Papagos had rescued his country from political dissension. A ramrod-backed cavalry officer, he was educated at a Belgian military academy and first served his King and country in the Balkan War, curtain raiser to World War I. A royalist to the tip of his long, aristocratic nose, he went into exile in 1918 after King Constantine was deposed, but a couple of years later came back as a staff officer. After taking part in the campaign against Turkey, he was bounced from the army for joining a plot to restore the monarchy under George II, Constantine's son. But in 1935 he took a leading part in a *coup d'état* which got George II back his crown by means of a fake plebiscite. Said Papagos: "The only unethical act of my career." Years later he had to lecture one of George II's successors on the limitations of the royal prerogative: "Sir," complained haughty young Frederika, wife of King Paul, "you forget who the Queen is." Replied Papagos softly, bowing low: "Your Majesty forgets who made you Queen."

The Right Man. When Mussolini's legions rolled into Greece in 1940, Greek Chief of Staff Papagos in a black leather, ankle-length coat, cigarette in hand, went to the snowbound front to deploy his units. To the delight of the democratic world, his small, tough army whipped the Italians. Hitler delayed his attack on the U.S.S.R. and sent crack divisions to Mussolini's rescue; for three weeks Papagos and his evazones fought the Germans until overwhelming odds made him end the battle "to prevent Greece from being devastated." The Germans sent him to a VIP military prison in Germany. Here, to relieve the boredom, he gave a lecture to fellow prisoners in which he forecast an Allied victory. He was sent off to Oranienburg concentration camp, later to Dachau.

Papagos was court chamberlain when in

1948 General George Catlett Marshall went to Athens to see what could be done to stop the Communist guerrilla army driving down from the north. "What you need," Marshall told King Paul, "is a supreme commander with enough jumpiness to lay down the law. You've got the right man here—Papagos." In six months Commander in Chief Papagos, with U.S. arms aid and the friendly advice of a U.S. team under General James Van Fleet, had licked the Communists.

From the Deathbed. Three times Papagos refused the premiership, then in 1951, disgusted at King Paul's political bungling, he resigned his command job. A bunch of top army officers surrounded the royal palace, occupied all government offices and invited him to take over. Papagos brusquely disowned them. The same year he formed his Greek Rally party, began



Keystone

FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS
More than a man had died.

fighting the democratic way ("De Gaulle wants to change the French constitution with more power for the executive. My purpose is to defend our constitution against all trespassers"). In the 1952 election the Greek Rally swept the polls. After having had 26 governments in six years, Greece at last had a stable administration. It remained substantially so until Papagos fell ill last January and control slipped slowly from his fingers.

Only two hours before Papagos' death, his lieutenants forwarded to King Paul a letter designating Second Vice Premier and Foreign Minister Stephanos Stephanopoulos, a Rally party faithful, as his political heir. But the King pulled a surprise, chose tall, dark and handsome Constantine Karamanlis, 48, a minor member of Papagos' Cabinet, to be Premier.

Karamanlis had filled five Cabinet posts

since 1935, built a popular following in his most recent, Minister of Public Works, but was not considered an influence within the dominant Rally party. The new Premier drew on the Rally party for his new Cabinet and said he would try to form a "permanent administration." But opposition groups immediately threatened to resign from Parliament unless he called for early elections. Much neutralist feeling was sweeping through Greece, and some doubted that the Greek Rally could long outlive its creator.

TURKEY

Agent

Turkey, drifting dangerously close to the reefs of bankruptcy, has been beaming a steady distress call to Washington. The Turkish appeal: a \$300 million loan, without strings. The U.S. has repeatedly refused to come through, insists that first the government of Premier Adnan Menderes must 1) take reefs in the inflationary Turkish economy and 2) agree to conditions for putting further U.S. aid to lasting use instead of frittering it away.

Apparently convinced that the U.S. can be persuaded to give in to so valued an ally, the Menderes government has acquired the services of an influential advocate to push its case in Washington. Newly hired as "general counsel . . . in connection with the affairs of the Republic of Turkey in the U.S.," Manhattan Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, sometime (1942-54) governor of New York and Republican candidate (1944, '48) for President of the U.S.

Duly registering with the Justice Department as the agent of a foreign government, Dewey agreed to "render such legal and counseling services as registrant may be in a position to render which are required by the affairs of the Republic of Turkey in the U.S." Last week, after a seven-day visit to get acquainted with his clients and the outlines of his assignment, Lawyer Dewey flew off on a round-the-world tour, planned to be back by Oct. 27 to talk Turkey in the U.S. The retainer to the law firm of Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer and Wood: \$750,000 a year, with expenses to be paid out of the fee.

INDIA

The Forces of Babel

"Strong disruptive forces are at work," Jawaharlal Nehru told admiring throngs as he toured South India last week. "But India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, is going to remain one solid, united entity in spite of everything and everybody." Among the forces Nehru had in mind were the forces of Babel, for India is a nation of 14 major tongues and hundreds of dialects. He hoped, by recognizing India's diversity, to unify it.

Purpose of Nehru's speechmaking was to ask for calm and reasonable response to the implications of a report of his States Reorganization Commission, which has toiled for two years at redrawing

India's map. The 29 states which now make up India are an administrative jumble whose boundaries bear little relation to the languages of their people or administrative needs of government. Some states have strong local governments, others are virtually run from New Delhi; some were shaped by the British, others by old princely fiefs and tribal conflicts.

Fissiparous Trend. Two years ago Nehru created the first language-based state, Andhra, under pressure from Telegu-speaking people of Madras, whose rioting was sparked by Communist agitators. The example of Andhra inspired language groups all over India to cultivate what Nehru branded as "fissiparous tendencies" and to demand their own states. The Babel-like hue and cry would have seemed ominous, indeed, but for a happy outcome in Andhra. There, in the first state election, with language no longer an issue, the Communists could no longer whip up hatreds, and were themselves soundly whipped. Thus encouraged, Nehru saw advantages in giving as many people as possible a government which spoke their own language.

The commission's plan (see map) is to reduce India's 29 states to 16, all of them with a full measure of local government: four northern Hindustani-speaking states (Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan), two southern Telegu-speaking states (Andhra, Hyderabad), one state each for eight other languages, and two

bilingual states (Punjab, Bombay). New Delhi fears harsh reaction to any changes, particularly in Punjab, with its proud Sikhs. Reduced to a minority (32%) among Hindi-speakers in an enlarged Punjab, the Punjabi-speaking Sikhs may turn their resentment into violence when the map-changers go to work.

Tongue-Tied Students. Even Nehru was not satisfied with some of the commission's proposals, all of them subject to parliamentary debate. In many other states, the proposed new boundaries will fall short of perfectly sorting out language groups, thus emphasizing India's need for one unifying national language. Hindi (related to Urdu and Sanskrit in the Hindustani group) is spoken by 40% of Indians and understood by many more, but it is little known in South India, and, like all native Indian languages, lacks the precision and flexibilities needed in the law and the sciences. The British, first unifiers of India since the 3rd century B.C., gave their language to educated Indians, but more and more English is regarded as an unpleasant reminder of foreign influence, and there has been a steady decline in the study of English. "Students," complained Nehru, "do not know what language they should learn and so become ignorant of every language." English- and Hindi-speaking Nehru's solution: make Hindi the national language of education, with each school teaching a local language and English on the side.

Five-Year Plan

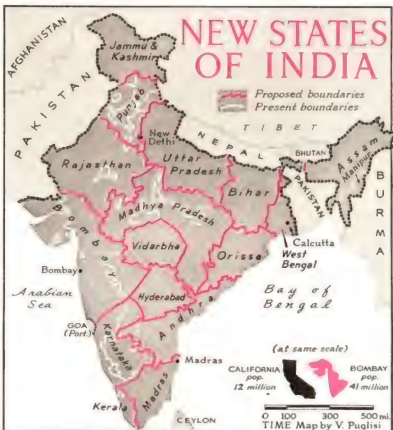
India's five greatest problems, Jawaharlal Nehru once remarked, are land, water, cows, capital and babies. To deal with them, he launched India's First Five-Year Plan, which has coped fairly well with the first three. But the shortage of capital to create jobs and necessities for an enormous and fast-growing population has not been solved, and Prime Minister Nehru is impatient for a solution.

"We cannot wait," says he. "That is the difficulty. We have to think in terms of large schemes of social engineering, not petty reforms." India's First Five-Year Plan still has six months to run, but last week Nehru and his government were plunging ahead with a far more ambitious Second Five-Year Plan, which planners say will add 25% to the national income (currently about \$22 billion) and create 12 million new jobs by 1961.

Socialism by Expansion. Nehru is a socialist and his dreams for India revolve around what he calls "the ideal of a socialist society." The First Five-Year Plan, a relatively modest \$5 billion program, was not really socialistic. Its proudest achievement: good planning, hard work and good weather have increased food production 18%—for the first time in history relieving India's peasant masses of the threat of famine. The plan strives to fill the most urgent needs of India's millions, pumped the bulk of its money into irrigation, electric power, transport and housing, only 8% into industry, *e.g.*, one steel plant, a locomotive factory, a shipyard. Meanwhile, the "private sector" of India's economy was left free to expand. The new plan, Nehru's advisers agreed, must push more decisively toward socialism and "the public sector must be expanded relatively faster than the private sector."

To draft the new plan, Nehru picked Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis, 62, head of the sprawling Calcutta University Statistical Institute. Cambridge-trained Professor Mahalanobis, a physicist turned economist, has achieved a sensational rise in prestige, stands as close to Nehru on economic matters as Krishna Menon does on foreign affairs. Mahalanobis has stocked the institute's library with the works of Stalin and Mao Tse-tung and the proceedings of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, bound in calf. To help draft the plan, Mahalanobis got the services of ten Soviet economists to assist his staff. Mahalanobis has been called a Communist but denies it in hurt tones. "I have been only twice to Moscow but seven times to the U.S.," he says.

Business at Gunpoint. The central proposal of the new Five-Year Plan: to increase government spending on economic development to \$17.6 billion in five years, doubling "public sector" or state-owned industry. The private sector would be encouraged to grow all the while, but on a more moderate basis. Thus the Indian program falls short of complete state socialism. Nehru has long argued, as Brit-



ain's Laborites now do, that socialism is feasible without full nationalization. But Nehru favors controls over private enterprise. "An army," he explained, "does not occupy a country by placing a soldier in every nook and cranny; a gun mounted on a hill enables an army to control surrounding areas effectively."

One of Nehru's weapons is a constitutional amendment passed last spring. It empowered the government to seize needed agricultural and slum property without paying full compensation, for, otherwise, as Nehru saw it, "the haves will remain haves and the have-nots will remain have-nots." Parliament gave him more ammunition last month by cracking down on the managing agency system, that dates from the English East India Co.'s practice of handling ventures for absentee owners. Today, 22 of the largest managing agencies control 23% of India's industrial assets. The new law catifies the government to put two men on any board of directors and to veto appointments of and salary raises for other corporate directors.

Government by Faucet. With Nehru's guns mounted on the billhooks of free enterprise, Planner Mahalanobis confidently expects to manipulate the economy with august precision. Says he: "We merely turn the taps of consumer goods or income on and off as the plan requires." India cannot build enough modern, mechanized factories, but Mahalanobis says he can turn out consumer goods and create jobs for India's huge army of unemployed (some 25 million, and growing in annual leaps of nearly 2,000,000) by building up cottage industries in the villages. Example: he would permit no expansion of textile mills, instead would double the output of handloom cloth.

Planner Mahalanobis' confidence, however, is not shared by many another Indian, including even some of Nehru's ministers. The Second Five-Year Plan is under a heavy barrage of fire. Mahalanobis, critics found, had underestimated the cost of needed new railroad mileage by a whopping \$1.4 billion. Industries Minister Krishnamachari, bemoaning the dearth of skills in India's vast untrained manpower pool, despair of attaining the plan's steel production goals. "Finding personnel for the new steel plants," he said, "looks like a superhuman task."

What most dismays the critics, particularly politicians, is the difficulty of financing the plan's "large schemes of social engineering." To many, Mahalanobis' formula seems dangerously facile. It relies on \$1.3 billion of foreign investment and government aid (v. about 25 times the amount prescribed for the First Five-Year Plan) to partly cover the imbalance in foreign payments owing to stepped-up imports of capital goods. Even if it could get such lusty help from abroad, the government would have a hard time stuffing it down the throats of the growing body of Indian xenophobes. At home, Mahalanobis wants to jack the tax level from 7% of national income to 10% (the U.S. tax level: 26%). Even with the higher

taxes and \$1 billion from outside, a deficit of \$4.4 billion would remain. Mahalanobis suggested filling half the gap through funded debt, the other half simply by having the government print \$2.2 billion in new money.

INDONESIA

Partial Returns

At a post-election diplomatic reception in Djakarta last week, a Western newsman remarked to Nationalist Party Leader Ali Sastroamidjojo: "I reckon you are pleased with the way things have turned out." Retorted the ex-Premier with a smile: "I reckon you're not."

That day's returns showed the Nationalists leading in Indonesia's first elections. The Communists, their supporters in power until a new regime took over last



ALI SASTROAMIDJOJO
On top, but not alone.

August and showed refreshing friendliness to the Western democracies, were running a strong third. As the first ballots were counted, it looked as though the Nationalists and Communists together were going to capture a majority of Congress' 260 seats and return Indonesia to an anti-Western, Red-tinged course.

But as time passed, returns from outlying islands changed the picture. With about 27 million of an estimated 30 million votes counted at week's end, the totals—all highly unofficial—still put the Nationalists on top with 8,001,750 votes. But the Communists were in fourth place, while the strictly anti-Communist Moslem parties, the Masjumi and the Moslem Teachers, had enough between them to suggest a slight majority for Indonesia's anti-Communist parties. Sastroamidjojo still seemed likely to win the premiership, but the anti-Communist bloc had a good chance of playing a role in his Cabinet and his policies.

EGYPT

Cock of the Walk

Egypt bathed in jubilation over Premier Nasser's arms deal with the Communists. "So now we will be meeting Mystères with MIGs," said Nasser, matching his deal with Czechoslovakia against Israel's purchase of Mystère IV jets from France. Nasser insisted that the Czech trade was strictly "a one-shot deal," and no Communist technicians would accompany the arms. The Westerners were only partly reassured; the British tartly reminded Nasser that the 1954 Anglo-Egyptian pact calls for the reactivation by Britain of Suez Canal air bases in the event of an attack on Turkey, i.e., on NATO. Said a British diplomat: "We don't want to find MIGs on those airfields."

The deal elevated Nasser to a role he has coveted for some time, cock of the walk with the Arab world. Saudi Arabia urged all the Arab governments to follow Nasser's example. Said Saudi Arabia's Premier-Crown Prince Feisal: "The purchase of arms means the purchase of steel, not the purchase of ideologies." Even in Lebanon, the Arab country most closely oriented toward the U.S., the Chamber of Deputies passed a resolution unanimously supporting Egypt. Though it will be some time before the arms deal has the desired effect, Nasser felt strong enough to shout his plans to maintain "the blockade and boycott of Israel," and his right to "control the shipping in the Gulf of Aqaba." Nasser added cautiously: "No Arab says now that we must destroy Israel. The Arabs are asking only that refugees from Palestine receive their natural right to life, and their lost property."

Israel felt otherwise. In the U.N., Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban assailed the Communists for providing arms "to governments whose primary international objective is to destroy a neighboring state with which they refuse to establish peace," and his government asked the U.S. to restore the "balance of power" by selling arms to Israel. Cried Eban: "Can Israel wait like a rabbit for the snake to get big enough to devour her?"

But, alarmed as they were at the awful Communist penetration into the precarious affairs of the Middle East, Western diplomats did not see how piling arms upon arms would help matters. Back from Cairo after two "fairly full" but apparently unsatisfying talks with Nasser, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State George V. Allen suggested that the best solution is for Egypt and Israel to stop talking about war. Said Allen: "The thing to do is to get things going the other way. A trend in the other direction might possibly be started by agreement on the division of the waters of the Jordan River." By nice coincidence, President Eisenhower's special envoy Eric Johnston arrived in Cairo at week's end for showdown talks with Arab leaders on the U.S.-sponsored Jordan Valley development plan, which would provide irrigable land for the resettlement of up to 200,000 refugee Arabs.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Red or the Green

Printing presses in South Viet Nam last week were turning out a new kind of balloting card. Separated by a perforated line were two photographs: one of playboy Chief of State Bao Dai, the other of austere Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. Next week 3,000,000 Vietnamese will tear the cards down the middle and each will drop into a ballot box the picture of the man he wants to lead South Viet Nam. In this way the people will settle a dispute that has seriously hurt the democratic half of the country so sadly truncated at Geneva.

In Saigon there was little doubt about the outcome of the referendum. Ex-Empress Bao Dai lives near Cannes on the French Riviera with his family and various European mistresses. From there, often with French concurrence, he has done everything he could do to subvert and destroy the struggling government of Premier Diem. In April, when the Binh Xuyen handit army tried to grab Saigon, Bao Dai tried to fire Diem. Instead, Diem fought the Binh Xuyen back to the marshes of the Mekong River. Last summer Bao Dai directed an anti-Diem offensive by troops of the Hoa Hao sect, but Diem's troops scattered them. Said Bao Dai a fortnight ago: "I've been accused of betraying my country. But it is not I who have betrayed my country. . . . It is the big powers—the men who signed the Geneva pact."

Premier Diem, a Roman Catholic, is a small, chunky, dark-haired man of 54 who works at a desk in Saigon surrounded by crises and a few personal things—a wooden crucifix, a picture of the Virgin, books titled *Social Justice and Thoughts of Gandhi*. At a youth rally on a Saigon football field last week, Diem was greeted enthusiastically by white-shirted young Vietnamese. Said he: "I promise you that by the end of the year we will have a democratic regime and a national assembly." By way of ensuring this desirable result, the ballot card photographs had been thoughtfully chosen: that of Bao Dai in mandarin robes against a green background, Premier Diem in civilian clothes against a red background. "You might call it coincidental, I suppose," said a government official, "but in Viet Nam red is considered a lucky color and green an unlucky one."

NORTH VIET NAM

The Quarterback

For decades wispy-whiskered Ho Chi Minh sipped at the savory cup of intrigue, conspiracy and revolution. Then, with the partitioning of Viet Nam at Geneva, he abruptly became President of Communist North Viet Nam. But running the petty affairs of a nation at peace was not, it seemed, the revolutionary's cup of tea. Last month, turning over the premiership to his trusted lieutenant, Pham Van Dong, "Uncle" Ho withdrew from the public eye. He even neglected to

send his usual "Dear nephews and nieces" greeting to the mid-autumn festival.

Almost immediately, toothy Premier Dong found that he had chewed off a peck of troubles. When, last fortnight, he held his first Cabinet meeting (absent: President Ho), Hanoi's streets were still littered with the debris of Typhoon Kate, which had sunk junks and barges, torn up railroad tracks, burst dikes and spun off thatched roofs as though they were flying saucers. Although Hanoi is swarming with Russians, East Germans, Poles and Chinese (a Canadian truce-commissioner officer observed that "there are more white faces than during the French administration"), the Communist big brothers seem to regard North Viet Nam as an economic leech that they wish would go away. With floods and typhoons wiping out crops, overcrowded North Viet Nam



Howard Schurell—LIFE

PREMIER PHAM VAN DONG

Old revolutionaries don't just fade away.

cried for food even more loudly than it did last summer when Ho returned from a trip to Peking and Moscow loaded with good will, but not a grain of rice.

Russia finally bought some Burmese rice to feed hungry North Vietnamese mouths, but Premier Dong still felt he should make an earnest, nonbellucose bid for trade and reunification with Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's government of rice-rich South Viet Nam. The Communists took a mellifluous line: "Reunification must not be accomplished by pressure or annexation, but by negotiations." Dong has even held out a promise of the right of political dissent for his people, Diem, unimpressed, told his people, "Intensify your efforts in the crusade against Communism."

Meanwhile, what of Ho? Some observers guess that he longs for untroubled retirement. Others think he has lost his grip, may be forced out. A less wishful and probably sounder conjecture is that Ho has gone back to his old trick of standing

behind the lines and quarterbacking Communist strategy for all Southeast Asia. Old revolutionaries may die, but with revolution to be done they do not just fade away. In Red eyes, there is revolution to be done in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaya, and across the Malacca Strait in Indonesia.

RUSSIA

Harvest Time

"To each vegetable its own time," says an old Russian proverb, to which latter-day Russians add, "and to every Bolshevik his day of confession." Last week confession day came around for the woodiest old vegetable in the Bolshevik truck garden: Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Skriabin, better known by his party name: Molotov (meaning The Hammer). In a letter to *Kommunist*, top party organ of the Central Committee, First Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Molotov, who got into the movement in 1906 at the age of 16, admitted that at the ripe, Red age of 64 he had committed a "theoretically mistaken and politically harmful" blunder by understating the extent of Socialist success in Soviet Russia.

Though less dramatic than the confession (of incompetence) which announced Georgy Malenkov's fall from Premier last February, Molotov's error was the more heinous for being ideological. At that same time Molotov had said: "Side by side with the Soviet Union, where the foundation of a Socialist society has already been built, there are people's democratic countries which have so far taken only the first, though very important, step towards Socialism." Molotov's error lay in the use of one word: foundation. Said he in his confession: "This mistaken formulation leads to the incorrect conclusion that allegedly a Socialist society has not yet been created in the Soviet Union; [this] . . . does not correspond to reality and contradicts the numerous estimates of the result of the construction of Socialism in the U.S.S.R., given in party documents."

Foreign diplomats who in recent months have closely watched (and sometimes admired) Molotov's tough, smiling, but guarded performance were not surprised. Since Stalin's death, the order of precedence among the U.S.S.R.'s "collective leaders" has changed subtly against Molotov. His letter of confession was dated Sept. 16—a date between the West German negotiations in Moscow and his visit to New York for the U.N. General Assembly, indicating that he was still held in a position of trust. Some diplomats felt that his official resignation was not far off, perhaps after the Big Four foreign ministers meeting at Geneva. Others guessed he might keep the trappings if not the power of office for some time to come. After all, Georgy Malenkov is still around. It was the manner of Molotov's decline which interested the onlookers most, for all the slaphappy cordiality of Soviet leaders, there was still some high-level wedding going on in the Soviet garden.



This is Lago do Moreno in Argentina. On the far shore a Swisslike village.

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whiskey every December — and why it's the finest present you can give yourself in October.



From now till then...it's
FOUR ROSES time!

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Red Market

Widespread among Latin American businessmen and government officials is the wistful notion that the Soviet Union and its satellites offer a vast and profitable export market. On paper at least, trade between the Latin lands and the Reds is indeed on the rise. In effect between various Latin American and Communist-bloc countries are a score of bilateral trade pacts calling for exchange of an estimated \$500 million worth of goods in 1955—an imposing total considering that Latino-Red trade in 1953 amounted to only \$70 million. But some flinty U.S. Government figures made public last week indicate that doing business with the Reds is hardly the road to prosperity. Items:

¶ Uruguay shipped \$10 million worth of meat and wool to the Soviet Union in 1954, but the oil, coal, steel and machinery agreed upon by Russian negotiators never showed up. In fact, no Soviet goods at all arrived in Uruguay except \$22,000 worth of pharmaceuticals. At year's end the Russians settled up—but in sterling, which Uruguay could have earned for itself in the first place.

¶ Brazil, in exchange for coffee, cotton, cacao and wool sent to Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary, got only 42% of the machinery and other goods promised by the Reds, wound up 1954 holding a bagful of credits.

¶ Argentina ended 1954 with \$42.4 million in credits from her dealings with the Soviet Union, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland. The Argentines shipped nearly all of the agreed-upon quantities of meat, hides, cheese, lard and linseed oil, but the Russians sent only one-fourth of the promised oil, lagged on deliveries of coal, steel, chemicals and machinery.

BRAZIL

The Man on Top

Brazil's presidential race was dramatically close, and the vote-counting was dramatically slow. This week, with more than two-thirds of an estimated 10 million paper ballots tallied, the apparent winner was sometime Physician Juscelino Kubitschek, 54, grandson of a Silesian immigrant, ex-governor of Minas Gerais State, candidate of a patchwork left and center coalition. Middle-Roader Kubitschek ran with Communist endorsement, which, in public, he neither accepted nor rejected. His slogan: "Power, Transportation and Food." Brazil can use more of all three.

Early vote returns, heavily weighted with big-city votes from Rio and São Paulo, gave Millionaire Politico Adhemar de Barros a temporary lead, but Kubitschek forged slowly ahead after reports began coming in from the inland states, notably Minas Gerais. The count early this week: Kubitschek 2,277,000, Army

General Juarez Távora 2,112,000, Barros 1,942,000.

The vice-presidential vote took an unexpected turn. Under Brazil's rules permitting ticket-splitting, hundreds of thousands of voters who decided for Candidate Barros also voted for Candidate Távora's running mate, an able jurist named Milton Campos. At week's end Campos was so close behind Kubitschek's running mate, leftist João ("Jango") Goulart, that the contest was still in doubt.

Kubitschek may have secretly hoped that his man Jango would lose. That result could actually improve Kubitschek's prospects of taking office in routine fashion on inauguration day (Jan. 31). The army generals who last year demanded



Mason/Reb

PRESIDENT PRESUMPTIVE KUBITSCHKE
But how will the army vote?

President Getúlio Vargas' resignation (he committed suicide instead) have little liking for Kubitschek. He was a friend of Vargas and member of a pro-Vargas party, the Social Democrats; thus he was at least indirectly linked with the charges of corruption that brought the Vargas regime crashing down. But the generals have even less liking for youthful (37) Raíssa-Rousser Goulart, head of Vargas' own Labor Party, and a Vargas Labor Minister before the army forced him out. Public opinion is against any more coups, and the generals are probably willing to go along with Kubitschek. But they might drag the line at Jango.

If Kubitschek does take office as President, he will bring to his tasks a sound record as an energetic governor who built roads and public works, got loans, and drew business capital to his state. When campaigning, he sings and sambas with gusto, orates with spellbinding fervor; but he gets a lot of work done too.

CANADA

The Ham in the Sandwich

Canada's peripatetic External Affairs Chief Lester Bowles ("Mike") Pearson, bandying spirit-of-Geneva small talk with Soviet big shots during a social visit to Moscow last week, clinked champagne glasses with Deputy Premier Lazar Kaganovich and pitched a slow-curve bon mot: "We in Canada have an interesting geographical position in the world—between the Soviet Union and the United States . . . You might say we are the ham in the sandwich." Suggested Kaganovich politely: "Or perhaps a good bridge?" "Well," agreed Pearson, "perhaps that's a nicer way of putting it."

Cautious Experiment

Although they rank as full-fledged citizens of the Commonwealth, Negro immigrants from the British West Indies have never been welcomed in Canada; the theory seems to be that the climate is too severe for them. Last week the government announced an experiment, to get under way at the end of October, under which a special group of 100 girls from Jamaica and Barbados will be accepted—to help solve the servant shortage.

Canada is in no danger of being submerged under a wave of color. Of 174,154 newcomers admitted in the last fully reported twelve-month period, only 241 were Negroes.

ARGENTINA

Liberty & Justice

General Eduardo Lonardi last week handed back to the Argentine people more of the rights and liberties lost under the dictatorship of Juan Perón. Acting with speed and sense, the new President:

¶ Shut down the big mail-censorship operations in Buenos Aires' post office.

¶ Made radio time, once reserved for Peronistas only, available to all political parties.

¶ Restored tax exemption to churches, both Roman Catholic and Protestant.

¶ Gave universities back their autonomy, i.e., freedom from government dictation.

¶ Freed government employees from making forced contributions to the Eva Perón Foundation charities.

Lonardi brought back more than freedom; he brought back justice. In 1946 and 1947, Perón's Congress impeached the entire five-man Supreme Court on the novel ground that its earlier decisions constituted "misdeemeanors." The judges were thereupon ousted and replaced by Peronista lackeys. The new President threw out the Peronistas and replaced them with law professors and provincial judges known for their brains and probity. And he started the General Confederation of Labor on the way to pick new leaders for itself.

Argentines responded to the new climate with joyous tumult. At Buenos

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Aires' Teatro Cómico one night, Lola Membrives, an actress Juan Perón had decorated, was hooted from the stage with the raucous cry, "Give back the medals!"

The unlamented ex-dictator observed his 60th birthday 670 miles from Buenos Aires, in Asunción, Paraguay, where he angered the new Argentine government by saying in an interview that he still considered himself Argentina's constitutional President. The Foreign Office cracked back with a strong warning to Paraguay. At week's end, amid recurring reports that he will move to Switzerland, Paraguay promised to make Perón behave.

GUATEMALA

Cops & Scandals

At the end of this month, President Carlos Castillo Armas will make a state visit to Washington and reap some of the honor due him as the doughty little warrior who kicked a pro-Communist government out of Guatemala. Since that mid-1954 burst of glory, he has managed to survive in the face of drought, plots and a sputtering of accusations (TIME, Aug. 22). But last week, as he made plans to depart, his prestige was dipping. Main reasons: resentment over ham-handed measures by his police, and a hard-to-ignore smell of corruption.

Both problems stemmed from a food-speculation scandal, in which an old friend of the President cornered markets in corn and beans with government help (TIME, Aug. 22). The government has reacted chiefly by stepping up police "security" measures, most of them aimed at curbing criticism.

The cops dusted off a law that dates to the dictatorship of Jorge Ubico (1931-48), and makes "speaking ill of the President" punishable by prison terms of six months to three years. One of the first arrested turned out to be a pro-government editor whose words were misunderstood by informers; he was beaten, then hastily freed. Small boys up before dawn were searched (and found to be newspaper deliverers).

Midnight-riding cops shot and killed two men, described in communiques as "Communist elements." The press, which has generally approved of Castillo Armas, was dismayed. *El Imparcial* feared the re-establishment of the "abominable climate of fear and distrust" of Ubico's times.

None of the abundant policemen have set to work on the corn and beans deal; instead, a new food scandal broke. Guatemala's established importers of flour charged that Minister of Economy Jorge Arenales had set up a quota system that virtually handed an import monopoly to a group of businessmen represented by his own former law partner. Arenales tried to defend his move as an encouragement for growing and milling wheat locally. But the press was unconvinced. Columnist José Alfredo Palmieri sighed: "Corn, beans, and now flour—the best profits are always made on hunger . . . Food speculation hands the Communists all the arguments."

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Acidulous Society Author **Cleveland** (*The Proper Bostonians, The Last Resorts*) **Amory**, 38, scudded into Manhattan after a voyage from England, licking psychic wounds that he picked up in a five-month running battle of wills with the redoubtable **Duchess of Windsor**. Hostilities loomed the very moment the duchess hired Amory to carry on the ghosting of her autobiography, a meandering treatise on which three years had already been spent. Amory summed it up:

"You can't make the Duchess of Windsor into Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The duchess, lamented Ghost Amory, tried to impose worrisome conditions of servitude upon him. He was supposed to prove that 1) B. (for Bessie) Wallis Warfield was born "on the right side of the tracks" in Baltimore, 2) she and the duke are "happy and busy people," 3) Britain's royal family and common folks treated her "very meanly" in disallowing her the title of Her Royal Highness. Said Amory: "I told the duchess I didn't mind omitting facts, but . . . I wouldn't distort them. She wanted . . . a soap opera . . ."

While Amory was speaking his piece in Manhattan, the duke's secretary in London issued a stiff-upper-lipped statement: "Mr. Cleveland Amory . . . has now given all the assistance the duchess felt was of value, and his employment has therefore been terminated." Next day, when Amory's lament was gleefully spread by London's anti-Wally press, the duke's secretary announced less politely: "The Duchess of Windsor wishes it to be known that

it was on the unanimous recommendation of the three publishers of her memoirs—namely [New York's] David McKay Co., *McCall's* Magazine and [London's] *Sunday Express*—that Mr. Amory's employment was terminated." With Amory's unfinished 300-page manuscript thus brushed aside as "unsatisfactory" back work, a brand-new ghost was hastily materialized. Starry-eyed with zest for his task, McKay Co.'s Editor Kenneth Rawson exulted: "I have found the duchess filled with desire to tell the truth!"

Upon docking in Manhattan on another leg of the honeymoon following a quasi-medieval wedding in Venice (TIME, Oct.



N.Y. *Daily News* from Gilloon.
PRINCE HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG & BRIDE
Delicate and different

3), a Mexico City Volkswagen salesman, known better to the international set as empires' **Prince Alfonso Maximilian Hohenlohe-Langenburg**, 31, took a camera and delicately lifted the skirt hem of his voluptuous bride, **Princess Virginia Iro Furstenberg**, 15, to make a different kind of cheesecake shot for avid tabloid photographers.

In a white turban and blossom-festooned, Tennessee's wide-ranging, head-geared Democratic Senator **Estes Kefauver**, probing his way rapidly around the world, settled down for a brief moment in the northern Indian town of Ratangarh, chuckled admiringly at the local fruits of the U.S.-India technical cooperation program.

Off on a drive around Paris, the **Ag** **Khan** unabashedly doted upon his touring companion, granddaughter **Yasmin**, 5, Now in France to visit her father, dashing Prince Aly Khan, Yasmin is watchfully chaperoned by her mother,



AGA KHAN & GRANDDAUGHTER
Dashing and doting

Cinemactress **Rita Hayworth**, currently estranged from husband No. 4, Crooner **Dick Haymes**.

While taking his ease at the bar of a Paris hotel, soft-spoken Playwright **Tennessee** (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) **Williams** was accosted by a reporter, pessimistically discussed his philosophy of dramatics. How much in today's stage plays or movies is really new? Replied Williams: "Everything has been said and resaid. I never write anything with the idea of putting any ideas into it, perhaps because I don't have any ideas. Mostly, I have a heart. I don't have any message any more." Do such beliefs lead to ambiguity in his work? Williams' workaday answer: "Life is an ambiguous thing, a floating cloud, something neither black nor white, but eternally grey . . . How then can a man help being ambiguous?"

Utah's far-right Republican Governor J. (for Joseph) **Bracken Lee**, 57, opened a new skirmish with the Federal Government. For the fourth year in a row, the governor proclaimed that he will proclaim no United Nations Day in Utah. Instead of lauding the confraternity of the U.S., with a lot of foreigners on Oct. 24, he will instead get a jump on One-Worlders by proclaiming Oct. 23 as United States Day. What's more, cried terrible-tempered Governor Lee, he will salt away every penny he owes in federal income tax on whatever sum he makes over his governor's salary—until if and when the U.S. Supreme Court orders him to unhand it. Raged J. Bracken Lee: "It is unconstitutional for this nation to tax its citizens for the support of foreign nations!"

Touring Britain to pick up tips on how the U.S.S.R. can begin making corsets and girdles, rarities in the Soviet Union, Russia's Fashion Czarina **Mrs. V. G. Kominskaya** confided to newsmen: "We're bringing up the rear, and we know it."



Associated Press
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New Lifeguard steering wheel is mounted over three inches above the steering post. Its new deep-center construction acts as a cushion to provide extra protection from the post should you be thrown forward in a sudden stop. It's as good looking as it is practical...and it's standard in all models. But there are more ways in which Ford protects you.



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New Lifeguard padded instrument panel, offered in combination with Lifeguard sun visors, provides additional protection for front seat passengers. Tests show that one inch of this padding material is so effective in absorbing impact that an egg can be dropped on it from a roof without breaking.



The new Fairlane Victoria is one of 18 brilliant new Ford models for 1956—all with styling inspired by the Thunderbird.

Lifeguard Design



New Lifeguard door locks, standard on all models, have a new double-grip locking engagement to reduce the possibility of doors springing open even under strain caused by impact. Safety statistics show that the chances of serious injury are a great deal less when the driver and passengers remain inside the car in accidents.

The new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine and all the driving fun that goes with it can be yours in the Fordomatic Fairlane and Station Wagon models. At any speed, a touch of your toe gets an instant answer. You'll pass with new confidence. Steep hills will melt. You get all this plus the reassurance of Lifeguard Design.



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THE THEATER

Birthday

The Broadway show with the longest run has the smallest cast. The cast of *Comedy in Music* consists of Danish-born Pianist-Funnyman Victor Borge. Last week Borge began his third year on Broadway, having long since broken all records for a one-man show in New York.* To celebrate his 731st performance, he threw a champagne party for the entire audience. At the intermission 120 magnums of French champagne and 50 trays of canapés appeared, along with 24 waiters from the Waldorf. With a bittersweet smile, Borge said, "This is the happiest and costliest evening of my life."

He could well afford it. Borge produced the show himself and got back his \$3,200 investment after two performances. Since then, about 750,000 customers have spent almost \$2,000,000 to see his show.

Few have been disappointed. He is casually spontaneous, whether throwing away an outrageous pun ("I will now play you excerpts, My mother made wonderful excerpts, Fried excerpts, boiled excerpts . . .") or sneering at Franz Liszt's *Liebestraum* as he skillfully plays it. He seems to ad lib every other line (but does not), appears to enjoy his own performance enormously (and does). One customer, who apparently has almost as good a time with Borge's performance as Borge, has been to see him 54 times. Another man laughed so hard he had a heart attack, was forbidden by his wife after his recovery to look at Borge on TV.

Although Borge works in two sets consisting simply of drapes, union rules demand that he be assisted by eleven stage hands and four stand-by musicians. What do the stage hands do? "That," says Borge, "is a question I can't answer." But at the 731st performance, the musicians finally got their chance. As the audience quaffed champagne, Borge had the pianist, two violinists and a trombonist join the celebration by playing *Happy Birthday*.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Diary of Anne Frank (dramatized by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) does well with a difficult assignment, achieves through quiet sensibility what could be wrecked by staginess. From young Anne Frank's real-life chronicle of herself and seven other Jews hiding out during the Nazi occupation in an Amsterdam garret (TIME, June 16, 1952) have come vivid stage pictures of their huddled, muffled, weirdly commingled existence. It was an existence fated to end in Nazi concentration camps and death, but for the two years it lasted, it proved a fascinating mixture of the brightly ordinary and the hideously abnormal, of all-too-human squabbles and all-but-superhuman control, of comic fooling and heroic adjustment, of people at



STRASBERG & SCHILDKRAUT
On tiptoe, among eggs.

once transformed and quite untouched.

The play is at much its best in portraying the group life and the general problem, in such special circumstances, of two families living under one roof. Neither in the sudden moments of midnight terror nor in the explosions of cramped boarding-house farce is there any prettifying. If Anne's father (beautifully played by Joseph Schildkraut) is disciplined and quiet, her mother can be excitable; Dussel the dentist is fussy, Mr. Van Daan greedy. Under Garson Kanin's skillful direction, there is no more of an attempt at heartbreaking gaiety than at lurid



REDGRAVE & CILENTO
At war against war.

gloom; there is chiefly a day-by-day liveliness, a gradual learning to walk—and on tiptoe—among eggs.

With Anne's own brattish or girlish part in the group, the play also succeeds. In her more personal scenes, where a secret self must be made vocal and visual, she sometimes falls short. There is nothing so private as a diary or so public as a stage, and the two, at times, refuse to dovetail. Again, certain loudspeaked diary passages take on the tone of bulletins. But a play that very largely succeeds with its material everywhere respects it, and in her limelighted Broadway debut, 17-year-old Susan Strasberg plays Anne with obvious talent and much animation and appeal.

Manhattan critics, hailing the birth of a new star, called Susan Strasberg "enchancing," "radiant" and "breathtaking." A high-school senior at Professional Children's School, Susie stands 5 ft., weighs 96 lbs. No theatrical novice, she began her career at 14 in an off-Broadway production. She played Juliet on TV when she was only 15, and has already appeared in two movies, *The Cobweb* and the forthcoming *Picnic*. Though she was swamped with movie offers after opening night, she will not do another one until next summer.

Susie's mother is Actress Paula Miller, a knowledgeable guide ("Susie didn't start studying till she was 14 because I loathe child acting"). Her father is Director Lee Strasberg, cofounder of the Group Theater, director of the Actors' Studio, leading U.S. exponent of the Stanislavsky ("live the role") method of acting. He has helped develop many stars, e.g., Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, Julie Harris, claims that one of his current students, Marilyn Monroe, will some day amaze skeptics with her dramatic range. Daughter Susie got little formal help from him ("I don't take students younger than 18"), surprised him with her theatrical know-how when he saw the out-of-town tryout. Says Susie: "I'd been picking things up from him by osmosis."

Tiger at the Gates (translated from the French of Jean Giraudoux by Christopher Fry) brought early distinction to the 1955-56 season. Just how good an orthodox play is this sunburst of dialectics and wit may be open to question; beyond question the play exhibits the elegance, the light-fingered thoughtfulness, the ironic lyricism of the most civilized playwright of the era between the wars. And Christopher Fry's translation not only does brilliantly by the play but may even be Fry's solidest writing for the theater.

The play's French title is *The Trojan War Will Not Take Place*, and it is Trojan Hector's fierce and fruitless effort to make good this claim that constitutes Giraudoux's action. Troy's greatest warrior, Hector (well played by Michael Redgrave), comes home to find his brother Paris home ahead of him, with Helen. Hector is determined to return Helen to Menelaus, King of Sparta, and so avoid

* Previous record holder: Monologist Cornelia Otis Skinner with 69 performances in 1952.

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war: nor is the assured, shallow, minxlike Helen (amusingly played by Diane Cilento): the obstacle. The real obstacles are Troy's idealists, who particularly idealize war: its elderly poets, who love celebrating young men's deaths; its common people, who are spoiling for a fight; its international lawyers, for whom a legalistic victory is well worth an international cataclysm. Finding Troy useless, Hector turns to Greece, to the worldly-wise Ulysses (played impeccably by Walter Fitzgerald). Though thinking wars unpreventable, Ulysses vows this time to prevent one. But a warmongering poet whom Hector angrily throttles cries out that Greek Ajax has throttled him; Ajax is mauled by Trojans; and Giraudoux's story passes over into Homer's.

Though it ultimately achieves a kind of wry grandeur, the play does so on its own ironic rather than on any customary dramatic terms. *Tiger* displays a charming loquacity, a dawdling relentlessness. Helen must chatter and Hecuba sniff, and there are little vaudevilles on the difficulty of cursing well, little broadsides on a lord's-eye view of war. In some sense a protest against war, the play is much more a lament for war's seeming inevitability. Like all masters of humane irony, all practitioners of philosophic high comedy, Giraudoux pierces to a tragic fundamental, to a world never long enough governed by logic, or spurred on by truth, or saved by virtue. His own dazzling speeches, moreover, ram home how inflammatory or mendacious words can be.

As between such differing masters of dialectics and irony, there is something poignant and lyrical (because more pessimistic) in Giraudoux that is not found in Shaw. Yet here the two men touch, for Shaw wrote a kind of *Tiger at the Gates* in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Each man saw worlds about to overturn through a queen's lure; in Shaw's Caesar as in Giraudoux's Hector, the great warrior is the great hater of war; in Shaw's Caesar as in Giraudoux's Ulysses, the wise man sadly grasps the impotence of wisdom. And both plays are as autumnal in their ruefulness as they remain vernal in their wit.

The Wooden Dish (by Edmund Morris) tackles an always real situation without much sense of reality. It concerns an old man who has long lived, unwanted, with his son and daughter-in-law and who now, half blind, breaks dishes and sets things on fire. The daughter-in-law threatens to leave the house if Pop is not sent to a "home." Here the play starts to bounce away from its theme: the daughter-in-law begs the boarder to run off with her; the teen-age granddaughter theatrically intervenes. In time, the old man sets forth gallantly for the rest home.

The play has its moments. But besides going all around the mulberry bush, it offers too much routine sentiment and commonplace writing. The evening's one great asset is Louis Calhern's fine playing of the tanga, once powerful, still dignified old man.



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RELIGION

The Mind & the Heart

One of the surprises of the 20th century has been the renaissance of Protestant theology. Barth, Brunner, Baillie, Bultmann, Cullmann & Co. have kept things lively and dialectical in Europe; in the U.S., Reinhold Niebuhr has made theology exciting. And since World War II, Americans have been increasingly aware of another Protestant theologian: German-born Paul Tillich, University Professor^o at Harvard, where he is now beginning his first year, after more than 20 at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary.

Professor Tillich has published a skillful splicing of theology and depth psychology called *The Courage to Be*. But his lifework is a formidable trilogy of which only the first volume has appeared, called *Systematic Theology*. Tillich's systematic theology is a new attempt at the classic theological enterprise—correlating the Biblical revelation of God and the philosophical reasoning of man. For sometimes there seems to be an unbridgeable gulf between those who seek God in revelation and those who seek Him through reason. Mathematician Blaise Pascal carried in the lining of his coat a record of his own mystical experience that delineates the difference: "FIRE... The God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not of the philosophers..." In a new book, *Biblical Religion and the Search for Ultimate Reality* (University of Chicago; \$2.25), Tillich walks around the problem and looks at it.

Being & Reality. The root of every philosophy, says Tillich, is what philosophers call the ontological question: What is "being," what is real, what is "ultimate reality beyond everything that seems to be real"? Man is moved to make the search for ultimate reality, says Tillich, because "we stand between being and nonbeing and long for a form of being that prevails against nonbeing in ourselves and in our world." This is merely technical language for the doubt and fear men feel when they try to think about life, death and the human condition. Human reason cannot conceive of nothingness, yet men fear it and want to be reassured.

This doubt, and man's attempt to think his way out of it, is in a sense un-Biblical, for both the Old and the New Testaments present God as a living confrontation of man—not as an idea. Yet Theologian Tillich reasserts the fact that man's two approaches to the divine—Biblical faith and philosophical reflection—are compatible. To support this view, Tillich asks the reader to recognize that faith is not pure belief: a man may be committed,

^o Harvard's "University Professors" are distinguished scholars commissioned to work "on the frontiers of knowledge" without limitation to any one school or department. Tillich both lectures in the Divinity School and gives a general course, *Religion and Culture*.



Martha Holmes

THEOLOGIAN TILICH

Belief despite doubt, doubt despite faith.

but his doubt is still there. "Faith is the continuous tension between itself and the doubt within itself... Faith says 'Yes' in spite of the anxiety of 'No.'"

Black & White. In his own way, says Tillich, the philosopher is in a similar predicament. His function is to question, to doubt. But in order to doubt, he must first know something else, e.g., he cannot question whether the night is black unless he first knows what white looks like. Thus going back step by step, the philosopher, too, must arrive at some form of faith. In other words, the religious believer's function is to believe in spite of doubt; it is the skeptical philosopher's function to doubt in spite of faith. That is where, in Tillich's view, "ontology and Biblical religion find each other."

Concludes Tillich, "Against Pascal I say: The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the God of the philosophers is the same God. He is a person and the negation of himself as a person. Faith comprises both itself and the doubt of itself... To live serenely and courageously in these tensions and to discover finally their ultimate unity in the depths of our own souls and in the depth of the divine life is the task and the dignity of human thought."

Speed

The Pope, a hot-rodder might say, has a heavy foot. When he drives from Rome to Castel Gandolfo, 79-year-old Pius XII usually leans forward in his Cadillac, stop watch in hand, ready to complain to the chauffeur if the 17.4-mile trip takes 19 instead of 18 minutes.

Last week the Pope had something to say about speed to participants of the second world congress of the International Road Federation: "Individuals, societies



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POPE PIUS XII A heavy foot for God.

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But while "speed there must be to the glory of God, and it is essential ever to increase it," the Pope warned that "it must be accompanied by courtesy, which is in the Christian tradition, and prudence, which is one of seven virtues . . . Those long lines of cars driving along speedways must be impelled by the desire to serve, not to dominate."

Italian motor-scooter enthusiasts, often



Terry Le Goubin

BRIGADIER LANGDON A door away from death.

harshly criticized for their desire to dominate the road, were still glowing at the Pope's understanding words to a group of Vespa riders: "Those who complain of your noise, do they ever think that your speed may take you to church in time for Mass, or that you may be rushing a sick person to the hospital? Be patient with those who abuse you."

Suicides Anonymous

The small, grey-haired man stood on the Thames embankment and stared down at the sliding water, while the city whined and rumbled around him. He had failed at a good job, felt that his whole life was destroyed. While trying to work up the courage to jump, he walked on. Suddenly, he saw the words SALVATION ARMY painted over a doorway. Two minutes later he was sitting in a tiny office talking to a silver-haired Salvation Army brigadier named Herbert Langdon, who seemed to understand just how he felt. They talked for three hours, and that night the would-be suicide slept there. Last week, with a new job in another city, he celebrated the first anniversary of his reclaimed life playing the euphonium in an army band.

At the army's East End hostel, Brigadier Langdon celebrated the same anniversary by writing the words "Case successful" on another dossier—of a partner in a bankrupt decorating firm who had cashed a bad check to get clothes for his children, then had come up to London to kill himself (among other things, the Salvation Army made good the check).

To Herbert Langdon, man's urge to self-destruction is an old story. During the past six years, as head of the Salvation Army's Anti-Suicide Bureau in London, he and his colleagues have helped thousands who have tried or contemplated suicide. The bureau, the army's only one of its kind, was set up in 1907 by General William Booth himself; within six years more than 5,000 people had called at the bureau for help. Brigadier Langdon's is the only agency in Britain set up specifically to handle the problem of suicide (and accepts no women, turns them over to the army's department of Women's Social Work. Reason: women usually have friends and relatives who take over the task of rehabilitation and are not in need of so much special attention).

The police and magistrates' courts turn over cases to the Anti-Suicide Bureau as often as possible, without bringing them to court, though an attempt at suicide is a criminal offense in Britain. During his six years at the bureau, 57-year-old Brigadier Langdon has kept careful records (no accurate records were kept before him). Of the cases referred to him, 38.7% took drugs, 21.6% cut their throats or wrists, 20.6% turned on the gas, 12.6% attempted drowning, 3.5% staged "accidents," like stepping in front of a bus. Very few tried to shoot themselves ("Shooting just isn't done in this country. We're not that kind of people."). The Salvation Army gives would-be suicides financial and, above all, spiritual help. Says Langdon: "No two cases are alike except they have one thing



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Words & Works

¶ In South Africa, the Roman Catholic Church committed itself to all-out opposition to the Bantu Education Act, through which the white supremacy Nationalist government is taking over mission schools by cutting off subsidies for teachers. The church launched an appeal from every pulpit for a fund of \$1,120,000 to carry the full load of teacher salaries and keep open the schools, which now have 120,000 black pupils. From Rome came the Pope's personal support: "I pray for the success of the Catholic bishops' campaign, and with all my heart I bless all those who will pray, work and give for the mission schools and seminaries in South Africa."

¶ The General Board of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. approved an exchange visit of church leaders between Russia and the U.S. in the indefinite future. The proposal, said Council President Dr. Eugene Carson Blake of Philadelphia, stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern), came originally from the Russians. After communicating with Patriarch Alexei of Moscow and the U.S. State Department, Dr. Blake said, he expects a Russian delegation of Baptists, Lutherans and other Protestants, as well as representatives of the Russian Orthodox Church.

¶ Methodist Board of Temperance headquarters in Washington, D.C. announced ruefully that during a three-month period ending in June, no less than 9,053 new liquor outlets sprang up in the U.S., while in all of 1954 the number of new churches increased by only 5,697. At present, according to the board, there are 141,733 new saloons, bars, cocktail lounges and liquor stores than there are houses of worship.

¶ From Budapest, Newspaper Publisher Eugene C. Pulliam filed to his papers[®] a report on religion in Hungary: "In keeping with the new Soviet line of 'sweetness and light,' the Communist high command in Hungary revised its policy of persecution of priests and pastors. A program of so-called cooperation between state and church was inaugurated. Instead of being scolded and threatened for believing in God and attending church, people are now urged to go to Mass and to church . . . Never has Hungary witnessed such a revival of church attendance . . . Of course, there always is a catch [e.g.] a requirement that priests and pastors should read each Sunday a short 'sermon' extolling the Communist philosophy."

[®] Indianapolis Star and News, Arizona Republic, Phoenix Gazette, Muncie, Ind. Star and Press, Huntington, Ind. Herald-Press, Vincennes, Ind. Sun Commercial.



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EDUCATION

The Drowsy Headmaster

For seven years, the 1,200 patient citizens of the farming village of Ifs in Northwest France had put up with Headmaster Jacques Mériel of the town's new elementary school. After all, they told each other, he was a harmless, peaceful sort of man. They attributed his strange habits to the fact that he had once been run down by a Nazi truck. But last week the 46-year-old headmaster was the center of a sudden explosion of wrath. Reason: his incorrigible habit of falling asleep in class.

No matter what he happened to be doing, he seemed able to doze off. He might be writing on the blackboard, and then, right in the middle of a sentence, collapse in a cloud of chalk dust for a nap. On such occasions, his pupils made

new "arrangement," they had decided to put M. Mériel on sick leave and turn his classes over to his wife. At week's end, things were quiet again in Ifs—especially in the vicinity of Headmaster Mériel himself. "If they're not pleased," said he drowsily, "let them promote me to a secondary school. All the same, it will be difficult for me to leave this nice building and my pleasant home."

Big Day in Korea

On the parade ground of the Korean Military Academy just outside Seoul, President Syngman Rhee and General (ret.) James Van Fleet climbed into a black jeep for a special review of the cadet corps. For both men it was a big day; both had worked hard for it, both had waited for it eagerly. There, on a site that lay along Van Fleet's "Golden Line"



FIRST GRADUATION REVIEW AT KOREAN MILITARY ACADEMY
A North Star must learn about forks and women.

Curtis Prendergast

the most of things. Sometimes they tied him to his chair; other times they would simply take French leave—firmly locking the headmaster in as they went.

All this began to have a disastrous effect on the academic standards of Ifs. In seven years, only one of M. Mériel's pupils managed to win the official *certificat* necessary to go on to secondary school. Worried parents began sending their children to schools out of town. Gradually, the Ifs enrollment dropped to 80.

Last week, as French schools opened for the fall term, only 22 Ifs pupils showed up. The rest were out on a parent-instigated strike. Petitions were sent to the District Inspector of Education in Caen and even to the Ministry in Paris. Farmers and aproned mothers paraded the streets with placards denouncing the headmaster as a "solid ass."

At first, village officials begged parents to send their children back to school pending "decisions from higher authorities." Then, when the villagers gathered for a mass protest meeting, the officials decided to compromise. While awaiting a

—the location of what was to be 1951's last-ditch stand against the Communists—the four-year-old academy last week graduated its first class. Guns boomed, the band blared, sabers flashed in the sun. "Today," said President Rhee, "is just like a dream to me."

It was a dream come true for the entire nation. When K.M.A. was founded in 1951, the South Korean army officers' corps had as confusing a background as the country's history itself. Some officers had been trained with the Japanese. Some had served with the Chinese Nationalists, a few had been taught by German military advisers, still others had gone to the U.S. or had taken short R.O.T.C. courses. In 1951, with \$200 out of his own pocket, Eighth Army Commander Van Fleet started the drive for a permanent academy.

Dollars & Engineers. U.N. and Korean troops raised \$190,000 for the K.M.A. Foundation Fund. A special G.I. welfare fund gave \$60,000 more, and the U.S. Government sent \$500,000 for books and laboratory equipment. The U.S. Army's Korean Military Advisory Group fur-



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nished advisers, West Point sent sets of instruction manuals.

Today the academy has 800 cadets living in Quonset huts near the red brick and concrete administration and classroom buildings. Since the curriculum is modeled closely on West Point's, K.M.A. is not only South Korea's chief military school, but also its top engineering school. Like West Pointers, the cadets get basic liberal arts plus huge doses of mathematics and science. But all must master English, the professional language of the school, and then take two years of either Russian, Chinese, French or German.

To the Yalu. Each morning at 5:30, the public-address system blares out: "Good morning! Did you sleep well?" By 6 a.m. the cadets are outside for reveille formation. They line up by companies, each of which bears an animal's name, e.g., White Horse, Antelope, Panther. They count off, sing the national anthem, repeat the armed forces oath, ending with a fiery pledge to unify the country ("Let us plant the Republic of Korea colors on Paektu-san* and wash our swords in the Yalu River!").

Though there is less hazing than at West Point, first-year men must swab the barracks, serve in the mess hall, stand motionless whenever a North Star (four-year man) passes by. Demerits come for "questioning from dozing in class to 'questioning an officer'—a rule designed to keep cadets from humiliating inexperienced instructors with tricky questions.

Last week, just before graduation, the academy added a new course for its fourth-year men: a series of lectures on etiquette (e.g., how to eat with a knife and fork at Western banquets, how to choose a wife and treat women). With that final bit of polishing, K.M.A.'s first 157 graduates were off for nine years of compulsory service in the army and to their places as the leaders of Korea's military and technological life. They were as their superintendent, Major General Chang Kuk Chang, 31, admitted, as bright a bunch of second lieutenants as can be found anywhere in the world. But one thing worried him: that they might feel too superior to the non-academy men they will soon be serving under. General Chang's parting advice: "Don't be too proud of yourself. Don't think you know everything. Look to the future."

Report Card

¶ Standard Oil Co. (N. J.) announced the setting up of the Esso Education Foundation to help the nation's private colleges and universities with an annual bonanza of unrestricted gifts. Amount pledged for 1955 alone: \$1,500,000.

¶ Gift of the week: \$2,500,000 from Financier John Hay Whitney, '26, to help Yale buy up the three nearby New Haven high schools, in place of which the university hopes one day to have buildings of its own. With \$1,000,000 from Yale, New Haven plans to put up two new high schools in the city.

* The highest mountain on the Korean-Manchurian border.

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SPORT

Counterattack

Only five days before the key game with Michigan, No. 2 team in the nation, gloom shrouded Army's football field at West Point. Army's swift halfback and 1955 team captain, Mike Zeigler, was under punishment, walking with his rifle in the barracks area instead of practicing plays. His offense: though a first-rate student and on the dean's list, Cadet Zeigler had drunk a beer in an officers' mess. He was stripped of his team captaincy and barred from football for the season.

Help came from, of all places, Belgium and the U.S. Navy. Prince Albert of Belgium, in the U.S. as the Navy's guest, paid a courtesy call at West Point and exercised the traditional royal prerogative to request a pardon for all cadets under punishment. The amnesty freed Zeigler, and raised the odds to even money that Army would win.

As it turned out, neither Zeigler nor any other Army player was any help against powerful Michigan. In their five meetings over the past ten years, the Cadets had beaten the Wolverines every time. But last week Michigan counterattacked with a vengeance. Halfback Terry Barr slammed through the porous Army line for the first touchdown soon after the kickoff, then sprinted 82 yards to score a second time. Michigan added two more touchdowns in the fourth quarter. Butter-fingered Army lost eight of its nine fumbles, completed only one pass all afternoon, while Michigan romped to a 26-2 triumph.

Other big games ran truer to form: **Q** Playing one of their rare night games, in sultry 80° Florida weather, Notre Dame blanketed Miami University 14-0. Irish Quarterback Paul Hornung, a running star in earlier games this season, turned on his passing skill, firing the forwards that scored both Notre Dame touchdowns.

Q Aerial warfare broke out in earnest in the Wisconsin-Purdue game at Lafayette, Ind., where the two teams threw a total of 54 passes, 35 of them completed. Only one pass, by Wisconsin's Jim Miller, was good for a touchdown. That and a field goal won for Wisconsin 9-0.

Q Navy maintained its perfect 1955 record (unbeaten, untied, unscored upon) with a 21-0 win over Pittsburgh.

Joy in Brooklyn

Everest had been scaled, man had run the four-minute mile, and last week the Brooklyn Dodgers won the World Series.

After half a century of futility, and seven failures (1916 to 1953) in World Series tries, Brooklyn's first world baseball championship came the hard way. The Dodgers were up against baseball's greatest money team, the New York Yankees, unbeaten in seven series since 1902. The Dodgers lost the first two games; no team ever had come on to win a seven-game series* after such a poor start. Even when they erased the deficit by winning the next three games, the Dodgers' hopes were still dim. Those three victories came in their own cozy Ebbets Field, where the fences are in easy range for hitters. But the seventh series game, the payoff, was to be played in spacious Yankee Stadium, the vast Bronx lot out of which no hitter, not even Babe Ruth, ever drove a baseball.†

Scarce Hits. To the stadium's pitching mound for the finale, Brooklyn's Manager Walter Alton sent 23-year-old Johnny Podres, a slender (6 ft. 170 lbs.) left-hander who had spent most of the season on the Dodger bench. Alton's logical

* The New York Giants won in 1921 after losing the first two games but the series was then a nine-game affair.

† Deep centerfield in Yankee Stadium is 406 ft. from home plate; at Ebbets Field it is 393 ft.



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starter, 20-game winner Don Newcombe, was down with a sore arm. Podres, who on only nine games in the regular season, had not lasted a full nine innings in league play since June 14. In late summer, the Dodger front office thought of shunting him to the disabled list and bringing up a minor leaguer who might be more help. But Alston gambled on starting him in the third series game, and Podres beat the Yankees. The manager and Podres himself were confident that the youngster could do it again. "I'll shut them out," said cocky, gum-chewing Johnny Podres. "I can beat those guys seven days a week."

During one of the tensest World Series finishes ever played, Johnny Podres made his prediction stand up. Brooklyn's Catcher Roy Campanella, First Baseman Gil Hodges, and Shortstop Pee Wee Reese lunched scarce base hits to score single runs in the fourth and sixth innings. The Yankees came clawing back every time, getting men on the bases and bringing the

son of a Lithuanian-American miner, Series Hero Podres, who earns about \$11,000 for an entire season's work, stayed in Manhattan just long enough to pick up \$3,000 for TV guest appearances, and a \$9,768 check for his winner's share of the series gate. Then he drove home to Witherbee in a new white Corvette sports car that he won for being the series star. A testimonial dinner was planned at first but had to be called off in favor of an outdoor celebration and parade through Witherbee and neighboring Mineville. There was no hall in the area big enough to hold the crowd that came to cheer the Witherbee boy who had pitched Brooklyn to its first world championship.

Scoreboard

¶ On an *Autobahn* outside Munich, German Motorcyclist Wilhelm Noll set two new unofficial world records for motorcycle with sidcar, with his super-streamlined, three-wheeled B.M.W. (Bayerische



WORLD'S FASTEST THREE-WHEELED MOTORCYCLE
Two up, three down.

potential tying or winning run to the plate. Once the Dodgers were saved by a brilliant running catch by Left Fielder Sandy Amoros. But their best defense was Podres' zipping fast ball, carefully assorted with well-disciplined slow curves that kept the Yankees swinging off balance throughout the afternoon's siege. Finally, a gentle grounder rolled to Dodger Captain Pee Wee Reese for the last put-out.

Free Beer. The borough of Brooklyn (pop. 2,848,000) erupted with joy over their beloved Dodgers' first triumph. A blizzard of paper and ticker tape fluttered from office buildings. Barkeepers served beer on the house, and lunchroom operators handed out free hot dogs. Snake-dancing and parades went on all night. Life was so complete for one Brooklyn rooster that he tried to end it with a suicide leap off Brooklyn Bridge.

Brooklyn's joy was shared by the iron-mining hamlet of Witherbee, N.Y. (pop. 1,050), hometown of Johnny Podres, the

Motoren Werke) bike (see cut). From a flying start, Noll hit speeds of 282 kilometers (175 m.p.h.) over a measured kilometer, and 177 m.p.h. over a mile.

¶ Wild-swinging Tommy ("Hurricane") Jackson of Far Rockaway, N.Y., continued his buildup for a title bout with Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano by scoring a six-round technical knockout over clumsy Rex Layne, a Utah pushover who had lost three of his previous four bouts.

¶ Within a fortnight after his resignation as general manager of the Chicago White Sox, Frank Lane, 50, one of baseball's most astute player traders, signed a three-year contract to be general manager of August A. Busch's seventh-place St. Louis Cardinals.

¶ At Lexington, the nation's top three-year-old trotter, Scott Frost, winner of the Hambletonian and Yonkers Futurity, came on, after losing the first heat, to win the \$62,702 Kentucky Futurity.



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SCIENCE

Vanguard Satellite

The U.S. "Project Vanguard" for launching small earth satellites has passed the talking stage. Last week the Department of Defense announced that it has signed a \$2,035,033 contract with Glenn L. Martin Co. of Baltimore for the launching vehicle, the three-stage rocket that will set the first satellite in its orbit. General Electric Co. will supply the rocket motor, and other suppliers will be called on as the project develops.

Martin was presumably chosen because it builds the Navy's Viking rockets, which hold the single-stage altitude record. The Navy will have overall supervision of Project Vanguard. The satellite itself is the responsibility of the National Academy of Sciences and the National Science Foundation. Its size has not been decided, but the Department of Defense promised that it will be big enough to carry instruments and will be tracked from the ground by optical and electronic devices.

The Marimos Go Home

The tenderhearted Japanese public was properly indignant. Tokyo's *Mainichi Shimbun* last week carried a tearjerking headline: MAMMA AND BABY MARIMO FOUND. The pair had been abandoned in a milk bottle on a train from Hokkaido. The Japanese love marimos, as pets and as national treasures, and they hate anybody heartless enough to abuse them.

A marimo is a plant, a kind of alga (*Aegagropilum suteri*), found in three small patches of water in Lake Akan on the northern island of Hokkaido. Their name means "ball of fur," and fair-sized specimens look like green, fuzzy tennis balls. What makes them so dearly beloved is their quaint behavior.

Gamboling Algae. As marimos lie on the bottom of Lake Akan (or of an aquarium in a Japanese gentleman's home), they exhale oxygen which collects as small bubbles entangled in their fur. When enough gas has accumulated, the marimo rises to the surface. It breaks the water with a gentle plop and rolls around languidly until most of the gas has escaped. Then it sinks to the bottom to collect more bubbles. This sportiveness, not common in algae, makes it an entertaining pet.

Marimos were discovered in Lake Akan in 1897, and Japanese biologists, including Emperor Hirohito, have studied them lovingly in every possible way. But no one has figured out why they thrive in so few places, or how they reproduce. One theory is that water currents of just the right kind are needed to bounce the marimos along the bottom and detach bits of fuzzy green stuff to grow into young marimos. No marimo lover, however skilled, has duplicated this process.

Just before World War II a marimo fad started, and thousands of the gamboling plants were snatched from Lake Akan. But the war intervened to save them from extinction, and in 1947 the Education

Ministry's Committee for the Protection of Cultural Objects dug up an old law that proclaimed the marimos "a national treasure." It threatened fine or imprisonment for anyone who molested them.

The proclamation backfired. It advertised the marimos, and a second fad swept through Japan. Stealthy *marimo-kappari* (marimo snatchers) haunted Lake Akan, diving into the water at night to kidnap the helpless creatures. Marimo smugglers brought them to Sapporo, the capital of Hokkaido, and Japanese tourists bought them furtively, paying up to \$50. Biologists and nature lovers wrung their hands in anguish, but nothing effective was done. The little pets from Lake Akan were snatched almost to extinction.

The tide began to turn when Emperor Hirohito visited Lake Akan. He watched marimos gamboling, but when a local official fished one out to give to him, the Emperor drew back in horror. "They are national treasures," he said reprovingly.

No Questions Asked. Public sentiment proved more powerful than restrictive laws. Newspapers published pro-marimo editorials, and three months ago the Committee for the Protection of Cultural Objects went into action. Appealing by newspaper, radio and television, it begged marimo owners to liberate their pets. Marimos left at police stations, the committee promised, would be cared for tenderly and no questions asked.

The Japanese public responded. Prime Minister Ichiro Hatoyama set the example by returning his treasured marimo. Transportation Minister Takeo Miki visited Lake Akan in person and gave two marimos their freedom. A hotel owner in Tokyo apprehended a marimo snatcher with 150 captives. Out of hidden aquariums came hundreds more.

Marimos flocking back to their home in Lake Akan are cared for and carried without cost by Japan Air Lines, the Japanese National Railways and the Mitsui Steamship Co. One problem still remains. Some marimo lovers fear that newly freed marimos will contaminate Lake Akan with ills picked up in captivity. They urge that all returning captives get medical examinations. If sick, they should be restored to health before being liberated.

New Wrinkles

Voice-Powered Radio. The Army Signal Corps has developed a radio transmitter that needs no energy except electricity generated by the speaker's voice. The trick would be impossible if the set used vacuum tubes, but all it has is a single transistor, which needs only a faint current. When the speaker's voice makes the microphone vibrate, it generates enough current to operate the transistor and put the voice on the air. The present model, small enough to fit in a telephone mouthpiece, can transmit 600 ft. Later models, says George Bryan, developer of the set, should be good for a full mile.

Next step will be to build a voice-powered receiver. It will store up voice-electricity while the speaker is talking, then use it to pick up the answer while he is listening. Bryan believes that the entire outfit can be tucked into a plastic container no bigger than a matchbox. Mass-produced cost: \$20.

Sun-Powered Telephone. When Bell Telephone Laboratories told about its silicon solar battery (*TIME*, May 3, 1954), it promised to find practical work for it as soon as possible. Last week Bell told how one of these batteries (432 quarter-sized silicon disks in an aluminum frame) is gathering solar energy for a rural telephone line near Americus, Ga. At night or in dark weather the line works on storage batteries charged when the sun is shining.



BIG & LITTLE MARIMO WITH GOLDFISH
Bubble, bubble, plop.

Mainichi Shimbun

Big As All Outdoors

[See Cover]

A recurring nightmare haunts TV men. The nightmare scene, set in any American living room, begins and ends quickly when Mom or Pop or Junior or Sis snaps off the TV set with the dreaded verdict: "There's nothing on tonight."

The industry this year passionately hopes to make such a verdict impossible. Millions of dollars—and thousands of individual careers—are at stake as the networks, film makers, admen and sponsors gamble seven nights a week to keep Americans glued to their 32 million TV sets. Like circus barkers pulling in a crowd, TV spokesmen shout about the wonders to come. They promise the finest opera, the best ballet, the most gripping drama, the newest movies, the funniest comedians

on *Show*, Sun. 8 p.m., CBS), is not quite sure what all the shouting is about. Says Ed Sullivan, calmly: "Everything they're promising to do is something I've done already. Opera? Ed has presented Metropolitan Soprano Roberta Peters 21 times, oftener than any other performer on his show. Ballet? Moira Shearer, Margot Fonteyn and the Sadler's Wells Ballet troupe made their first U.S. TV appearances with Sullivan (whose show was known as *Toast of the Town* until last month). Drama? Ed has given his viewers excerpts from more than 50 Broadway hits, including the smash successes *Panama Game*, *The Member of the Wedding*, *South Pacific* and *Don Juan in Hell*. Movies? Sullivan's show pioneered in showing pre-release snatches of films (as in this week's *Guys & Dolls*, starring Marlon Brando. Joan Simmons and Frank Sinatra, with musi-

tainers who could not quite stay the course—Red Buttons, Wally Cox, George Jessel, Ed Wynn, Ray Bolger, Bing Crosby. Sullivan is the first to admit that any one of these entertainers makes his own talents seem dim indeed. On camera, Ed has been likened to a cigar-store Indian, the Cardiff Giant and a stone-faced monument just off the boat from Easter Island. He moves like a sleepwalker; his smile is that of a man sucking a lemon; his speech is frequently lost in a thicket of syntax; his eyes pop from their sockets or sink so deep in their bags that they seem to be peering up at the camera from the bottom of twin wells. Yet, instead of frightening children, Ed Sullivan charms the whole family.

The blasts of the critics in his early days on TV would have broken the spirit of an ordinary man. But Ed Sullivan is a fighter and, like most good fighters, a hungry one. Hungry, that is, for fame, national recognition, the deference of headwaiters and the friendship of the great. He burns up energy as a jet burns up fuel, but the only damage it has done is to give him an ulcer. The crises and satisfactions of his life can best be described in his favorite clichés of sport and Broadway. Ed "plays the game hard"; he "hates to be pushed around"; he thinks "the public is always right." He spent most of his youth 23 miles from Broadway, but the gleam of its bright lights was always in his eyes.

Royal Barge. Sullivan is about the loneliest shot ever to have paid off in show business. It is as if Featherweight Willie Pep knocked out Rocky Marciano with a single punch in the second round. No one has any ready explanation, although many have tried. First *After*, critics. "Ed Sullivan will last as long as someone else has talent. He has a natural feeling for the mental level of his audience, which is subterranean." Dave Garroway argues that Sullivan is a good master of ceremonies "because he tells the facts and then gets out of the way." Even Sullivan is mystified. He once asked a show-business friend: "What have I got?" Replied the friend: "I don't know, but you've got it."

In effect, no one likes Ed except his 35 million viewers and his ecstatic sponsor, the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers. The dealers speak of Ed with reverential awe. Dealer Paul Pusey in Richmond reckons that Ed "does two-thirds of our selling job for us."

Nearly every major meeting the dealers attend finds Sullivan on hand with a load of entertainers. To further the cause of Lincoln-Mercury, Ed has addressed steelworkers before their blast furnaces in Pittsburgh, landed on Boston Common in a helicopter, gone down 20 ft. in a Navy diving suit and sailed up the Mississippi in a barge before 75,000 spectators at the opening of the Memphis Cotton Carnival. His identification with his sponsor is so strong that any Lincoln or Mercury buyer who is dissatisfied with his car is apt to drop Ed a complaining line. (Within ten days after such a complaint, the local district manager is on the phone or the car owner's doorstep, solicitously asking what he can do to help.)



THIS WEEK'S "ED SULLIVAN SHOW"
Whatever it is, he's got it.

and dozens on dozens of full-color, star-studded Spectaculars—a monster extravaganza planned to make U.S. living rooms jump with the most concentrated entertainment the world has ever seen.

And this is only the beginning. In his 20th-floor office on Manhattan's Madison Avenue, CBS President Frank Stanton (Ph.D. in Psychology, Ohio State '35) cries: "Not even the sky is the limit. The potentials of television are as big as the potentials of American society—and I do not feel like setting a limit on that. In Rockefeller Center, NBC President Pat Weaver (Phi Beta Kappa, Dartmouth '10) grows ever more expansive: "Television is as big as all outdoors. The whole country can visit the Vatican and La Scala at once. Our horizons are boundless!"

What's New? One prominent TV personality, hard at work this week on his 379th consecutive program (*The Ed Sulli-*

by Frank Loesser). Comedians? Ed has ransacked the U.S. and Europe for funny-men: Victor Borge, Jackie Gleason, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis all made their TV debuts on the Sullivan program. Spectaculars? Ed is convinced that the basic idea came from such *Toast of the Town* biographies as those of Oscar Hammerstein II, Bea Lillie, Cole Porter and Walt Disney. Sullivan boasts that his show was the first to have a permanent chorus line originate outside Manhattan, to introduce celebrities from the audience.

Cardiff Giant. Sullivan started on TV in 1948. Where Milton Berle and Arthur Godfrey had their time of glory and then fell back exhausted, Ed has thrived and grown stronger in the heat of conflict. The battleground of TV is strewn with enter-

With Frank Loesser, Joan Simmons, Marlon Brando.

Late to Bed. Ed and his wife Sylvia have lived in hotels for most of their married life. For the past twelve years home has been a small four-room apartment—office, living room, two bedrooms and kitchenette—in Manhattan's Delmonico Hotel on Park Avenue. Last year Ed bought a 200-acre dairy farm in Southbury, Conn., where he can occasionally relax, as fond parent and grandfather, with his 24-year-old daughter Betty and her two children (Robert Edward, 1½, and Carla Elizabeth, 3 weeks), while Betty's husband, Lieut. (J.G.) Robert Frecht Jr., is on a tour of sea duty.

Ed goes to bed late and rises late. Usually he prepares his own breakfast—an unappetizing bowl of strained oatmeal and a glass of milk which, he hopes, are good for his ulcer—and eats in the white-walled living room decorated with two portraits of his tall, attractive wife and a Renoir landscape that Ed gave Sylvia this year for their 25th wedding anniversary. Then he lights the first of the day's many cigarettes and is ready for the phone calls that his secretaries, Carmine Santullo and Jean Bombard, have been holding at bay all morning. When Ed is not scheduled to deliver dealer pep talks in Akron or Denver, he often makes three-day flying trips to Europe, as he did last week for a film interview with Gina Lollobrigida in Paris. Last year he traveled 175,000 miles looking for new talent. He does all the booking on his show. Many of his leads come from entertainers who have been on his program ("They play everywhere, and see all the new acts"), while his aide, Mark Leddy ("He knows every animal act there is"), constantly scouts the furred, feathered and four-legged field.

Touch and Emotions. After whipping up a new show every Sunday night for seven years, Ed has formulated some defini-



WITH HUMPHREY BOGART



WITH GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA



WITH MARGOT FONTENY

nite theories. Each program must contain 1) something children will like, 2) comedy. As for the acts themselves, Ed says, "The best ones are those where two different kinds of people play against each other: if Lily Pons and Pearl Bailey do a duet, Lily sings it straight while Pearl clowns it up." His added ingredient is a shrewd combination of news and human interest. When Arthur Godfrey fired Baritone Julius La Rosa, Ed had the young singer on his show the same week ("There's nothing personal in it—if Arthur got fired, I'd hire him"). The human interest touches are usually emotional. Sullivan presented Helen Hayes shortly after the tragic polio death of her 10-year-old daughter, Mary MacArthur; Broadway Director Josh Logan (*South Pacific*), who had suffered a breakdown, spoke feelingly on Ed's show about the problems of mental health. Observes Ed: "It's things like these that people remember about a show, things that touch their emotions. They're far more important than the acts."

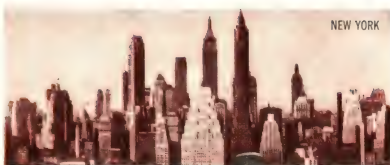
Old Smiley. Ed stays away from his show until Sunday afternoon when the first camera rehearsal begins. The physical production of *The Ed Sullivan Show* is in the hands of Co-Producer Marlo Lewis, Director-Choreographer Johnny Wray and Musician Ray Bloch, who have been at work since the previous Monday. Ed comes onstage to a burst of applause from the audience of 200 crowded into the balcony (because of the demand for tickets, Ed's is one of the few shows that admits an audience to rehearsals; they must leave the theater later to make way for a completely new audience when the show goes on the air). Ed waves and strains a smile, squinting up against the battery of floodlights—lavender and blinding white. Then he sits before a stage monitor, turning his back on the acts.



WITH ROBERTA PETERS



WITH JULIUS LA ROSA



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and watches the rehearsal on the screen. After a dinner break, Ed comes back before air time to warm up the new theater audience. Again he leans into a gale of applause. "How are you all?" he asks. "How many are here from out of town?" He recoils from the forest of hands, crying: "Wow! New Yorkers can't even get seats!" He waggles a finger at his people onstage. "Heads will roll." The audience loves it. Ed continues: "Everybody in the audience is honor bound to be happy. So look happy!" They do. "In 30 seconds Art Hanes is going to introduce me and he will be absolutely astonished that I showed up. They didn't think old Smiley would do it!"

Knights & Ladies. Ed got his lusty start 53 years ago when he and his twin Daniel were born in Manhattan to Peter and Elizabeth Smith Sullivan. Ed's father was a stern, moody man with a minor post in the U.S. Bureau of Customs.

The Sullivans' tenement apartment was in a part of Harlem that was already going to seed. Ed's twin, who was small and puny next to his larruping brother, died in his first year. The dead twin still looms symbolically in Ed's imagination. Whenever he was whaled by his father or switched by the nuns at his parochial school, Ed would sob passionately that everything would have been different "if only Danny were here." Even today Ed mystically attributes his excess of energy to some supernatural source of supply fed him by the dead twin.

When Ed was five, another of the six surviving children died, and his parents decided that Manhattan was no place to raise a family. They moved to Port Chester, an industrial town on the Connecticut state line, ringed by such suburban garden spots as Greenwich and Rye. As a boy, Ed gave his interest to reading and sports. His favorite author was Sir Walter Scott, with his romantic yarns of knights, ladies, tournaments, good and evil. Ed had no doubt about where the knights and ladies lived and where good and evil flourished. The place, naturally, was Manhattan and he dreamed of getting there.

Into the Big Time. Ed got another hungry look at a world he was to love when he worked as a caddy at Rye's Apawamis Club, where, after toting golf bags for 13 holes, he would compare tips with a fellow caddy named Gene Sarazen, who also grew up to make a name for himself. At Port Chester High School, Ed won eleven major letters but got "frightening" grades in everything except English. He also landed his first newspaper job: high-school correspondent for the Port Chester Daily Item.

Like his father, Ed never made it to college. He got part-time jobs at factories, played semi-pro baseball (catcher), before finally becoming the sports editor of the *Item* at \$12 a week. Ed next moved to the Hartford Post and at last made the grade as a Manhattan sportswriter on the New York *Evening Mail*, where he says he coined the phrase "Little Miss Poker Face" for Tennis Champion Helen



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STATE OF BUSINESS The High Plateau

The U.S. is "poised on a high plateau with neither the threat of inflation nor of recession . . . ever very distant." Thus Arthur F. Burns, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, describes the economic state of the nation. In this situation, Burns told the New York State Chamber of Commerce: "We must be alert to changes in economic conditions. The only rigidity that we can afford is the principle that the best way to fight a recession is to prevent it."

Burns saw no recession in sight, thought that the U.S. is still feeling the thrust of inflation, although with lessening force. Said he: "The widespread tendency toward increasingly liberal credit terms which existed several months ago, has apparently run its course. Some improvement in the quality of new mortgage loans is now under way. The same is true of the consumer installment loans being made by some important lenders, though by no means all. Although the total expansion of loans by financial institutions has been continuing at a rapid rate, the loan funds are coming from past and current savings, not from newly created money."

Burns cited other elements of strength: "Although the nation's business is significantly larger than at the peak of 1953, inventory holdings are smaller. Despite the extensive [housing] boom, vacancies now available fall short of the reserve that people need."

Last week the most powerful group of money managers in the U.S., the presidents of the 12 Federal Reserve district banks, met in Washington to take a reading on the economy. They also concluded

that the push is still upward, and the monetary authorities must go on with their policy of restricting credit.

There is ample evidence of the continuing upsurge. Construction hit an all-time monthly high of \$4 billion in September and set a new quarterly record as well. Employment rose to 64,700,000, the highest point ever reached in September, while unemployment dropped to 2,100,000, lowest for any postwar month. Corporation dividends for the year's first eight months reached a record \$4,464,000,000. Even bill collectors shared in the good news. The American Collectors Association said that between June and September "collectibility" rose 12%.

The commodity futures markets, which soared on the news of the President's heart attack, in expectation of a possible return to Democratic high-price supports, dropped last week in the sharpest break since May 1954. One big reason was an unofficial estimate by the *Journal of Commerce* that the cotton crop would exceed Government figures; this touched off a reaction which sent cotton plunging \$10 a bale for the maximum permissible drop followed by eggs, corn, soybeans and wheat.

Last week Grover W. Ensley, staff director of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report, took a look ahead to 1965 and forecast:

- Population will increase 25 million, to 190 million people, and each worker will labor 200 hours less each year.
- Real income per capita will soar 30%.
- The average American will have an additional \$370 to spend on goods and services.
- Total national production will increase to an annual total of \$540 billion.

AVIATION

Electronic Chicks

Of all the defense plants spotted around the U.S., few have been more tightly cloaked in secrecy than the Hughes Aircraft Co.'s sprawling (74 acres) layouts at Los Angeles, Culver City, Calif., and Tucson, Ariz. The Air Force was as close-mouthed as Howard Hughes, who makes Cal Coolidge sound loquacious. About all people heard was that the plants were doing vital work on electronic fire controls for jet fighters. What little else they heard was disquieting. Two years ago, five of Hughes' top executives left in protest (*TIME*, Oct. 5, 1953); rumors buzzed that the Culver City plant was in chaos. The Air Force first tried to get Hughes to sell out, then wanted someone else to go into the business. But, rightly or wrongly, as Hughes himself says, the Air Force had put all its eggs for fighter fire controls in his basket.

Fighters & Falcons. Last week the Air Force and Howard Hughes threw open the mammoth plants for the first time, and gave the public a look at how the eggs



Los Angeles Times

FINANCIER HUGHES
The eggs are hatching.

were hatching. Some electronic chicks: □ The Hughes airborne fire-control unit, which today is the eyes and ears of the U.S. and Canadian jet interceptors guarding the continent against atomic attack. As complex as 200 TV sets, the unit is combination radar set and electronic brain which can find enemy planes day or night in any weather. While the defending and enemy planes are approaching each other at speeds up to 1,400 m.p.h., the fire-control system computes the exact instant when the defending plane must fire its rockets or guns for the kill.

□ The supersecret C.S.T.I. (Control Surface Tie-in), an even more complex device currently in production at Culver City for the Air Force's new crop of interceptors. C.S.T.I. will not only find an enemy plane by radar, but also takes over flying the fighter during the attack, fires its rockets all automatically, without the pilot's laying a hand on the controls. Now a new set is under development, which will take over every maneuver except take-off and landing, automatically fly the fighter to the target and back.

□ The air-to-air Falcon guided missile, full production at Tucson as one of the Air Force's principal defensive weapons against enemy fighters and bombers. S feet long, with an electronic brain packed behind its baseball-size nose, the Falcon has brought down fast flying jet drop planes. Says Air Force Assistant Secretary Trevor Gardner: "The Falcon will be one of the most important contributions to defense since the development of radar."

Carte Blanche. Flyer-Financier Howard Hughes has been in the electronics business in a big way only since 1948. But just as he does everything else, he went into it with a swoop, with a top staff that



Martha Holmes

ECONOMIST BURNS
The signs point up.

TIME CLOCK

included Lieut. General Harold George, wartime boss of the Air Transport Command, and a handful of crack scientists. To find human brains to make his electronic brains, he sent out scouts to comb U.S. industry, handed them checkbooks and a carte blanche. Hughes's men promised scientists higher positions at higher salaries, new research opportunities, almost anything to lure them to Hughes Aircraft. Says a rival: "One Monday we had 42 draftsman; by the following Friday, we had only five and Hughes had the rest."

General George and four other executives went out in the 1953 flare-up, forcing Hughes to move in fresh executive talent. In as general manager ten months ago went Laurence Hyland, an able onetime Bendix executive with plenty of drive to push both research and production, keep building up the staff. Since 1949, Hughes Aircraft's payroll has jumped from 750 to over 20,000; the research and development division alone has 2,000 topflight men against less than 100 seven years ago; one out of every ten scientists and engineers holds a Ph.D., one of every four a master's degree. With his talent monopoly, Hughes has repeatedly outbid some of the biggest U.S. firms for contracts, and been able to deliver. On the fire-control system, for example, the Air Force gave Hughes a year to develop the project from scratch; nine months later, an Air Force pilot flying a jet fitted with the prototype unit shot down an unseen target plane automatically.

"What's the Measure?" Today Hughes Aircraft is one of the nation's ten biggest defense suppliers. The company has produced 8,000 fire-control units, is engaged in heavy production of C.S.T.I. sets and Falcons. The company's military output currently averages \$200 million annually; it has a solid backlog of orders worth \$113 million. Still another supersecret Air Force contract has just been awarded Hughes that will add millions more to the backlog, expand his Tucson plant far beyond its current capacity. All told, Howard Hughes now runs an empire of four companies (among them: Hughes Tool Co., 74% of T.W.A.) with more than 20,000 employees, an income of some \$70 million annually and sizable profits. (Profits from Hughes Aircraft go into the Howard Hughes Medical Institute for research.)

With it all, Howard Hughes remains as elusive and secretive as ever. He still operates like a cross between a phantom and a whirlwind, dropping out of sight for days, suddenly reappearing to call executives at any hour, day or night. But as Hughes says: "I know about the important things. What's the measure of this outfit? Our internal problems? Me and the way I operate? Or is it the customer's satisfaction?" By all signs, the U.S. Air Force, Howard Hughes's biggest customer, was eminently satisfied.

EXCISE TAXES on tobacco, liquor, gasoline, etc. will continue after the April 1 expiration date if the Treasury Department has its way. Assistant to the Treasury Secretary Dan Throop Smith told a House Ways and Means subcommittee that the Treasury would be "much concerned" about any changes in tax rates or methods of payment that would reduce Government revenues.

FORD PROFITS in 1955 will be the highest in history, predicts President Henry Ford II. Though privately owned Ford never releases financial data, earnings will be well above 1954's estimated \$200 million. One reason, says Ford: the company has spent \$1.6 billion for expansion since 1946, has announced a \$500 million expansion for 1956, will shell out another \$500 million for still more plants in 1957 and 1958.

HOUSING BOOM will slow down next year, predicts Thomas Coogan, president of Manhattan's Housing Securities Inc., a mortgage clearing-house. Reason, says Coogan: overbuilding in some areas and mortgage credit curbs by the Veterans Administration, FHA and other agencies have already slowed down sales and will "create a serious drop in housing starts next year."

AIR-LINE SUBSIDIES next year will be even less than originally planned, says CAB Chairman Ross Ritzley. U.S. airlines are doing so well that payments will be cut another 13% from the first \$52.5 million estimate, be pegged at \$48.5 million, the biggest chunk (\$24 million) going to 13 domestic local service carriers.

AIR-FREIGHT BATTLE between American Airlines, Slick Airways and Flying Tigers is cutting transcontinental flying time. Flying Tigers, which recently bought ten Lockheed Super Constellations (TIME, Oct. 3) to match a purchase of five by Slick, will trim its east-to-west schedules to clip nearly three hours off coast-to-coast freight runs. New York manufacturers will be able to

ship cargo as late as midnight, have it on West Coast store shelves before opening time next morning.

OIL CONSUMPTION in the free world will jump so fast in the next 20 years that it will be "increasingly difficult" to keep pace with demand, says Socony Mobil President Albert L. Nickerson. The forecast: a 65% jump over 1954, to 21.4 million bbls. daily by 1965, a 100% jump, to 26.7 million bbls. daily by 1975.

THE NEXT BIG BONANZA for the Gulf Coast will be offshore sulphur. After spending \$2,000,000 on exploration and evaluation, Humble Oil Co. has brought in the first big sulphur deposit under the Gulf of Mexico, six miles off the Louisiana coast, estimates that the deposit holds between 30 million and 40 million tons of sulphur, may be the world's third or fourth biggest find.

BOEING JET TRANSPORT is showing its legs in the hot competition with Douglas for airline orders. The swept-wing, four-jet 707 flashed nonstop 3,038 miles from Seattle to Denver, Los Angeles and back to Seattle. Cruising speed: 550 m.p.h.

HIGGINS INC., famed World War II PT boat-maker, will pass out of family hands and into the W.R. Grace shipping empire. Andrew J. Higgins' four sons, who pulled the company out of its postwar slump by diversifying into pleasure boats and offshore oil drilling equipment, have given Grace and a New Orleans syndicate a long-term option, but are keeping mum on the price.

ATOMIC POWER PLANTS will be built in three Latin American nations. American & Foreign Power Co., a big international utility holding company, plans to spend between \$13.5 million and \$15 million for three plants, each with 10,000 kw. capacity. American & Foreign Power has not yet decided where to locate the plants, will decide between Brazil, Argentina, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Guatemala, Chile, Mexico, Venezuela, Panama and Ecuador.

INSURANCE

Paying the Damages

For both public and insurance companies, the uninsured motorist has long been a troublemaker. Not only does he often drive an old car in rundown condition, he also has little or no cash to pay for the damage he does. As a result, the pressure has been building up in state after state for compulsory liability insurance, now common in Europe but so far adopted in only one U.S. state (Massachusetts). The insurance industry vigorously opposes the idea for fear of political rate-setting and excessive losses from bad-risk drivers.

One of the hottest arenas of the fight for compulsory insurance has been New

York state, where uninsured drivers, though they number only 10% of the 4,500,000 total, annually kill an average of 500 persons, maim 1,000 more and damage \$7,500,000 worth of property. Last week the state's insurance industry, hoping to ward off compulsory insurance, put into effect the first voluntary plan to cover uninsured drivers, hopes that insurance companies in other states will copy it.

The plan, offered by most New York companies, automatically insures every New York driver who now carries liability coverage, along with members of his household or guests in his car, against bodily (but not property) injury that is the fault of any uninsured driver. Most of the state's mutual companies (one-fourth of the total) will also pay damages

EMPLOYEE STOCKHOLDERS

The Workers' Stake in Capitalism

DURING the greatest economic boom of all time, a new group of stockholders is sharing in the fat corporate profits. They are the U.S. workers who make the goods. Since World War II, plans to help employees buy stock have spread so fast that some 300 companies now have programs involving 2,000,000 salaried and production-line workers. This week General Motors announced the results of a poll on its plan for 112,000 salaried employees. Four out of every five eligible workers decided to invest up to 10% of their pay in G.M.'s future, and the corporation started making deductions from paychecks. Ford will bring out a similar plan to help employees buy Ford stock (if and when it is put on sale). Du Pont, which started a stock plan last month, reports that nearly 70,000 (out of 87,000) eligible workers have signed up. But despite their increasing popularity, stock-buying programs are also the center of a growing argument on whether they are good for companies and their workers.

Worker stock programs are not a new idea, and for some businessmen their past record is against them. In 1929 many of the biggest corporations—U.S. Steel, Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, A.T. & T., Procter & Gamble—some 200 in all, had stock programs. But when the Depression hit, all but a handful ran into trouble and were dropped. Not only did the workers, like almost everyone else, sell out at large losses, but the plans themselves were faulty. Most called for stock to be bought at a fixed price on a fixed day and paid off in rigidly fixed installments. Thus, a worker might buy a stock valued at \$200, only to have it plummet to \$20 a share while he was still paying off at the original price. In many cases, the only way for a worker to escape was to quit his job.

Today, however, U.S. industry is doing its best to make sure that history does not repeat itself. Apart from the basic good health of the entire economy, most modern stock-buying programs contain safeguards to protect employees. One device is for the company to help its employees buy stock, either through discounts or straight cash contributions. Thus, if the stock drops, the loss is spread between company and worker. A.T. & T., for example, sells its stock (currently \$180) at a \$20 discount. G.M. buys 50¢ worth of stock for a worker for each \$1 he puts into savings (of which one-half is invested in Government bonds and one-half in G.M. stock), and also promises to make up the difference if

the price drops. Du Pont gives a 25% stock bonus for each \$1 the worker invests in savings bonds. In the oil industry, Sun Oil, Gulf, Standard of California, Standard (N.J.), Pure Oil and Cities Service all add to their workers' kitty with as much as 50% worth of stock or bonds. Other companies, while helping their workers buy stock, also do their best to educate them about possible dangers. Sample quote from Inland Steel's booklet: "Buying stocks involves risk . . . Before you buy, you should give consideration to a family insurance plan . . . And it's possible you should begin a home-financing program before investing in stocks."

If the stock drops in value, many companies provide truck-sized loopholes to let workers escape from their payments. Inland Steel, Delta C & S Air Lines, Atlanta's Citizens' & Southern National Bank and Dow Chemical all hold the stock until the final payment is made; then if a worker decides that he does not want the stock, his money is returned.

To many businessmen—even those who champion the idea of worker stockholders—too much protection in stock plans is a poor idea. They feel that workers, like everyone else, should take the normal risks involved in stock buying. Over and above that, many others question the wisdom of a worker putting all his savings in one basket by buying only his own company's stock, argue that he would be better off by diversifying his investments. Some companies fear that organized labor may try to exert too much influence on company policy if union members own large amounts of stock. Another big worry is that unions will take over a program, make it a part of their wage bargaining. In a recent case involving California's Richfield Oil Corp., the NLRB ruled that a company-aided stock-buying program was in effect a boost in wages and thus came under collective-bargaining rules. The case is being appealed in the Federal Court, but many businessmen are skittish about starting programs under such conditions.

Despite the objections, employee stock-purchase plans seem here to stay, and likely to spread. They not only help management broaden the base of company ownership, but also help establish a close relationship between management and employees. Stock-buying workers develop a greater incentive to save, a bigger interest in producing more, and a chance to get a permanent stake in U.S. capitalism.

regardless of who is to blame. The additional coverage (up to \$10,000 per person but not more than \$20,000 in all) is now free but will cost from \$2.50 to \$4 to drivers who choose to keep it when they renew their policies.

Compulsory insurance advocates quickly noted that the plan unfairly makes the victim pay, not the offender, that it makes no provision for pedestrians who have no policies at all.

SELLING

Propaganda by Mail Order

"You could write thousands of words and not sum up the American way of life as well as the Sears catalogue does. There it is—the American way of life; our clothes, appliances, all in one convenient book." The U.S. Information Agency agrees with this boast by Edward Hardiman, foreign-sales representative of Sears Roebuck & Co., and has sent 3,500 copies of Sears's 1,444-page fall and winter catalogue to its 225 overseas posts as an official weapon of anti-Communist propaganda.

The Government first began sending abroad a trickle of catalogues from Sears Montgomery Ward, and a few other companies in 1946. Although they were mostly old and dog-eared, they were an instant hit. People on both sides of the Iron Curtain thumbed them to tatters. In Belgrade, Yugoslavs used them to learn English; in Athens, a shoemaker designed new shoes from the illustrations; in Djakarta, Indonesia, a Chinese tailor copied an entire Sears wedding ensemble, down to the flower girls' dresses. The impact even reached Moscow, where Russian diplomats consulted the catalogues on what to wear in the U.S. They are now so highly valued that old copies are patched up and rebound in new covers and any tattered copy brings a good price. At the Djakarta Airport, one old Sears catalogue recently sold for \$20.

BANKING

Sir William's New Bank

Although he has always moved mysteriously in international circles, Sir William Wiseman, tenth baronet of Ulster, partner in Manhattan's Kuhn, Loeb & Co., has never made much of a public splash. He graduated from Cambridge, was gassed at Ypres, studied espionage at Scotland Yard, at 30 was the second most powerful Briton in the U.S., unofficial head of His Majesty's World War I secret service in the U.S. and Woodrow Wilson's "confidential Englishman." Afterward he joined Kuhn, Loeb, the second greatest U.S. private banking house (the first: J. P. Morgan & Co.), but kept his British passport and his family title, which was conferred by James II. A sometime playwright (one play) and much married (three marriages, two unsuccessful), he spoke softly in a clipped British accent, attired himself in double-breasted navy blue, and kept out of the papers.

Last week, at 70, Sir William made a public announcement that got his picture



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in the *New York Times*. He reported the creation of a private world bank, the first of its kind, named the Transoceanic Development Corp., Ltd. Sponsored by Kuhn, Loeb, First Boston Corp., and London's S. G. Warburg, the corporation has 17 participating firms famed in the banking world. Among them: Credit Suisse, David and Laurance Rockefeller, Sal Oppenheim Jr. & Cie. (Cologne), N. M. Rothschild & Sons (London), Deutsche Bank Group (Frankfurt), Amsterdam-sche Bank (Holland). The bank's purpose is to buy equity shares in foreign enterprises and furnish risk capital to businesses in countries other than the U.S. and Canada.

The capital of \$10 million is small, to allow the new institution to take a look at the field without tying up lots of cash during the waiting period. Later, when Transoceanic finds what it wants, the



Walter Darrat

BANKER WISEMAN

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members stand ready to sink many more times the original capitalization into the business.

Last week Sir William was characteristically self-effacing about the new venture. In the whole field of international investment there are only two major financial groups—the World Bank and the (British) Commonwealth Development Finance Co., Ltd.—both government institutions. Why had he set up a private bank to get into the field? Replied Sir William: "We want to make money."

GOVERNMENT

Lease-Purchase Plan

To get the Government out of competition with the building industry, the Budget Bureau and the General Services Administration last year tried a new idea. Why not let private builders pay for new post offices and other federal buildings, sell them to the Government on a lease-



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purchase deal? Last week Budget Bureau Director Rowland R. Hughes reported that the lease-purchase program's first year has been highly successful. The General Services Administration has approved 26 lease-purchase building projects valued at a total of \$91 million; the Post Office Department has approved 27 projects. Total value: \$102,662,027.

In a lease-purchase arrangement, the Government gets a private contractor to pay for the building, keep title to it. The Government moves in, pays the contractor a fixed yearly sum, also reimburses him for local taxes, insurance and other costs. At the end of the lease period (maximum: 25 years), when the contractor's cost is amortized and his profit made, title to the building goes to the Government. Advantages of the lease-purchase device are that it keeps a steady flow of new buildings coming into the federal system, smooths out peaks and valleys in federal spending caused by enormous lump-sum building appropriations. Moreover, while the contractor has title to the building used by the government, it is not federal property, hence stays on local tax rolls.

BUSINESS ABROAD Sportwagen King

For the crowds of West Germans circulating amidst the gleaming chromium and tingling scent of new leather at Frankfurt's 17th International Automobile Show last week, there was much to be proud of. Flashy B.M.W.'s and new models of such prewar favorites as the Mercedes showed plainly why the revived German automobile industry is gobbling up more and more (21.6%) of the world's export markets.

Star of the show was a postwar newcomer: the Porsche (pronounced Portia), a rear-engine car that looks like an inverted soup spoon. To its 16 models, selling from \$2,000 to \$6,000, Porsche last week added a new one, the Porsche Carrera, named after the Mexican road race which Porsche has dominated in the small sports-car division. The four-cylinder, 115 h.p. Carrera has a top speed of 125 m.p.h. and a price low enough (\$4,297) to compete with the Jaguar and Lancia cars. Since its first Sportwagen was produced just six years ago, Porsche has won innumerable speed and endurance titles (420 in 1954 alone). Last year at Mexico's 1,008-mile Carrera Pan-Americana, four-cylinder Porsche Spyder 550s (top speed: 140 m.p.h.) won four out of the first five places in the small sports-car competition, third and fourth in the race for all classes.

20 M.P.H. Most of the credit for this unparalleled record goes to the late Ferdinand Porsche, who designed his first car, a battery-driven model that made 20 m.p.h., in 1899. Porsche built one of the world's first streamlined racers in 1910, designed a revolutionary engine for a 26-ton, self-propelled gun in World War I. During the '20s and '30s, his extravagant methods of car-building and his



PORSCHE'S PORSCHE
He souped up the soup spoons.

liking for experiments nearly broke a series of employers, but his cars dominated European racing.

In 1934 Adolf Hitler proclaimed Porsche a Nazi hero, commissioned him to design the Third Reich's famous "people's car" (Volkswagen). Porsche produced a design, but the Nazis, who built only 200, abandoned the project (after milking some 300,000 Germans for advance payments) and assigned Porsche to design weapons, notably the famed Tiger tank. In 1945, he was arrested by French troops and after a trial, jailed for two years as a war criminal.

Mechanics Mark. Porsche and his son Ferdinand Jr. launched their sports-car factory at Gmünd, Austria in 1949, with \$50,000 in capital and a first model featuring a souped-up Volkswagen engine, produced only 50 cars in their first year. In 1950 they moved into a former barracks at Stuttgart, developed a series of hand-tooled, air-cooled engines that range today from 44 to 115 h.p., and expanded to the present line of 16 models. The elder Porsche died in 1951, but sales continued to climb under the direction of son Ferry, a square-faced man of 46 who owned his first sports car at age 12. Last year he produced 1,908 cars—including some 1,000 exported to the U.S.—for a thumping gross of \$6,400,000.

There are few plants anywhere that can match the loving care with which a Porsche is built. Every Porsche engine is stamped with the mark of one of the plant's twelve master mechanics, who then assumes permanent responsibility for its performance.

The Stuttgart plant (400 workers, 250 engineers) is currently producing only



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300 cars a month, which is far below demand; at last week's show alone, Porsche salesmen took 200 orders. Ferry Porsche doggedly refuses to expand his sports-car output for fear of hurting the quality, but he is tinkering with prototypes of a jeep-type vehicle called "The Hunter," plans eventual production of 500 to 1,000 a month if there is sufficient demand.

CORPORATIONS

Raid Repelled

To a group of raiders, National Casket Co., biggest firm in its field, looked like a golden opportunity. As a company director pointed out "A man could liquidate this company and make millions." Last week, at its annual meeting, National Casket fought off just such a raid in one of the strangest proxy wars in years. A month ago, a firm of Manhattan lawyers acting for an unidentified group suddenly offered to buy 32,000 shares of the company's 63,370 shares of common stock. The price: \$48.50 per share, \$8.50 more than the market price.

National Casket's stunned management knew why the raiders were interested. The company had a book value of \$102.92 per common share. Thus, for an investment of \$1,552,000 to win stock control, the raiders could sell off the company's assets, pocket a quick \$1,700,000 profit. Angry and determined, National Casket's management lost no time fighting back. First, it alerted all stockholders to the raid, released its 1955 earnings weeks ahead of schedule, promised to boost dividends. The report: sales of \$16,997,754, impressive earnings of \$583,542 or \$4.22 per share v. \$1.85 per share in 1954.

Last week, at the annual meeting, not a single ballot was cast in opposition to the current management. After the vote, National Casket boosted dividends, upped the rate 130% to \$3 annually per share.

SHIPPING

More Merchantmen

The biggest merchant-ship construction program ever planned by a private U.S. steamship line was launched last week. Moore-McCormack Lines signed an agreement with the Federal Maritime Board to build 33 ships at a cost of \$313 million. By the late 1960s, Moore-McCormack will almost completely replace its present fleet of 35 vessels. To pay the bill, the Government will put up about one-third of the money, roughly the difference in costs between U.S. and foreign shipyards. Among the new ships: two 18,200-ton, 553-passenger cargo liners, to cost \$24,444,181 apiece, which will replace the company's aging *Argentina* and *Brazil*.

This Moore-McCormack deal follows a similar one with American President Lines (TIME, Jan. 17), which called for 19 ships at a cost of \$175 million. By these deals, the Maritime Board hopes to keep the U.S. merchant fleet in trim and prop up employment in U.S. shipyards.

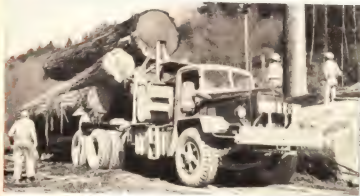


"THREE RECAPS—that's what we've put on this nylon cord tire (right) and we expect two or three from this new one, too. With ordinary tires we were lucky to get one recap," reports logging superintendent

Gray Evans of the Hammond Lumber Co. of California. "We're getting at least 40,000 miles out of our nylons—20,000 on original tread, plus another 20,000 or more on recaps."

Well-known redwood logger finds...

NYLON CORD TRUCK TIRES GIVE 22% LOWER COST PER MILE



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"We tried our first nylon cord tires two years ago to get increased tire mileage under these rugged conditions. Today we have 450 nylons in service. Our records show nylons give almost twice the mileage of ordinary tires—reduce tire costs per mile 22%. What's more, road delays due to tire failure are down 25%."

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Ask your dealer about nylon cord tires today. Du Pont makes the tough, long-lasting nylon yarns, which are used by rubber companies to make the tires that give extra protection against tire failure. Du Pont does not make tires.



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TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1955



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MILESTONES

Married. Frances Langford, 39, radio and film star; and Ralph Evinrude, 48, vice chairman of Outboard, Marine & Mfg. Co.; she for the second time, he for the third; aboard his 118-ft. yacht *Chanticleer* as it cruised in Long Island Sound.

Married. Lieut. General Sir Alexander Hood, 67, Governor of Bermuda from 1940 to April 1955; and Helen Winifred Wilkinson, 50; both for the second time in Reno.

Died. Major General Julius Ochs Adler, 62, general manager of the New York *Times*, president and publisher of the *Chattanooga* (Tenn.) *Times*; of cancer of the pancreas; in Manhattan. A nephew of the late great New York *Times* Publisher Adolph S. Ochs, Adler won the D.S.C. and Silver Star with Oakleaf Cluster for heroism in World War I. In World War II he was assistant Sixth Infantry Division commander in Australia and New Guinea, after the war became commander of the 77th Division (Reserve).

Died. Alice Joyce, 65, oldtime glamour queen of silent films (*Beau Geste*); of a heart ailment; in Hollywood.

Died. Frieda Hempel, 70, German-born Metropolitan Opera and concert soprano; of cancer; in Berlin. Famed for her repertory of about 70 roles, her command of lieder and her virtuosity (G-sharp above high C). Mme. Hempel was offered her choice of any of the three female leads in *Der Rosenkavalier* by Composer Richard Strauss, directed the role of the Marschallin in the 1911 premiere in Berlin.

Died. Mother Mary Joseph, 72, founder (1912) and Mother General until 1947 of the Maryknoll Sisters of St. Dominic, the U.S.'s largest (1,170) Roman Catholic women's missionary order (TIME, April 11); in Manhattan.

Died. Oscar Johnston, 75, longtime (1927-50) president of the British-owned Delta and Pine Land Company in Scott, Miss., one of the world's largest (38,000 acres) cotton plantations, member of the Democratic National Committee (1920-24); of pneumonia; in Greenville, Miss.

Died. Theodor Cardinal Innitzer, 79, Archbishop of Vienna, Roman Catholic Primate of Austria since 1932, who was rebuked (1938) by Pope Pius XI for trying to appease the Nazis; of a heart attack; in Vienna. Cardinal Innitzer had the swastika raised over Vienna's St. Stephen's Cathedral when the Nazis marched into Austria in March 1938, discovered too late that his go-it-soft policies did not save Austrian Catholicism.

Died. George Toland Cameron, 82, publisher since 1925 of the San Francisco *Chronicle* (circ. 166,800), topflight West Coast industrialist; in San Francisco.



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The New Pictures

Blood Alley (Batjac Productions; Warner). Spare the celluloid, according to Director William A. ("Wild Bill") Wellman, and spoil the picture. His last three films (*Island in the Sky*, *The High and the Mighty*, *Track of the Cat*) have run to an average length of two hours. Encouraged by the business they brought in—*The High and the Mighty* has already grossed more than \$7,000,000—Director Wellman has apparently decided that when people go to the movies they want to kill time, no less than to live dangerously. In *Blood Alley*, he gives them plenty of chance to do both. The picture is not only long (1 hr. 55 min.), but also in a cheerful, stop-me-if-you've-heard-this way, it stirs up plenty of tarnation, too.

"Blood Alley" appears to be sailing. Latin for the 300 miles of Chinese coast that lie between Amoy and Hong Kong, and through it, in this picture, an entire Chinese village of 180 souls flees from Communist tyranny to democratic freedom in "the most daring mass escape of modern times." The odd odyssey is made in a grubby old wood-burning stern-wheeler, built in 1885 and capable of six knots in a following wind. Her captain is a Yank (John Wayne) whom the village elders have sprung from a Communist brain lavatory. Resisting psychological deterrents in a unique way, ex-Prisoner Wayne has stayed anti-Communist by remaining pro-female; whenever the Reds got too rough, he paid them no mind, just conjured up an image of "Baby," a composite of the girl-in-every-port, and chatted with her. Wayne pilots his old tub by night and fog, through storm and boiler stress, gun fight and slugfest, not omitting to make Mao's navy look like a fleet of Sunday oarsmen. But what matters most is that the end frame finds the hero safe in port (Lauren Bacall).

Director Wellman has set up in his CinemaScope panel some splendid images of human mass in roil and flow, and Cameraman William H. Clothier has almost magically cajoled California into looking like China, with the gauzy seascapes, the abstract arrangements of seines in sunlight and the ochred skies. But the blunt point of the picture is to display John Wayne to best advantage—stripped in a bathtub, bloody at the wheel, phlegmatically stirring his bayonet around inside a Communist. As usual, he makes a more convincing display than most of Hollywood's heman can. And when Lauren asks him why he killed a Communist soldier, surely only Wayne could get away with that roast-of-beef expression and the puzzled reply: "Seemed like a good idea."

Gentlemen Marry Brunettes (Russ Field; United Artists) is a sort of sequel to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the movie musical based on the book and play by Anita Loos. Unfortunately, *Brunettes* offers no more than the top half of the

TIME, OCTOBER 17, 1953



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ANACONDA

composite girl of so many adolescent dreams. Jane Russell is present in all her mezzanine majesty, but Jeanne Crain cannot offer the customers any such full line of attractions as Marilyn Monroe.

The script tries hard to play it fast and Loos. Jane and Jeanne, a couple of nightclub singers, take their act to Paris, where they are met by Scott Brady and Alan Young, two young men about town, and by Rudy Vallee, a fading ember who knew the girls when they were their own mothers—or so it looks in the flashbacks. For a while everybody vaguely engages in dialogue ("Allons, enfants! let's go chercher les dames!"), and then off on a CinemaScope tour of Paris.

When they come to the Rodin Museum,



BRUNETTES RUSSELL & CRAIN
Fast but not Loos.

Jeanne and Alan stick their heads through the noble statue of *The Burghers of Calais* and smooch a little. Jeanne, as she bats those baby-blues at *The Thinker*, declares, "I wonder what he is thinking about." After that, nothing matters anyhow. Jane Russell keeps trying to give Scott Brady, her agent, the other 90% of her; and both young women sing, as nowadays most lady vocalists do, in a peculiarly unpleasant morning voice. The hoarseness is apparently intended to suggest that the girls have taken large doses of sin in their time. In this case, it sounds more as if they had taken small ones of Stermo.

Two Heroes

The *McConnell Story* (Warners). Captain Joseph McConnell Jr., who at 31 became the world's first triple jet ace (16 MIGs in nine months of Korean combat), was killed about a year ago at Edwards Air Force Base, Calif., when he crashed in a jet fighter he was testing. This is his film biography, and it declares a ringing hail and farewell to the hero, with all the domestic and military

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taradiddle that Hollywood finds necessary on such occasions. This time, unfortunately, the mixture contains a little more than the absolutely necessary amount of bad taste.

According to the script, Captain McConnell (played with rubbery insensitivity by Alan Ladd) was emotionally the sort of cheerful Neanderthal who proposed to his wife at a prizefight, called her "Butch," and treated her like a meddling parent that he continually had to outwit. The wife (played by June Allyson who has recently provided the ball-and-chain for almost every picture she appears in) is presented in turn as a relentless good sport who makes her home in one plywood horror after another, spends half her time in heart-rending goodbyes, and keeps muttering sub-hysterically, "Sweetheart, don't worry about me."

She, of course, worries herself satchel-eyed about him, and not without reason. When he gets his hands on the stick of a jet, he looks as if he were holding a hashish lollipop, and he sighs: "Now I know how the angels feel!" Down on the ground his instructor (James Whitmore) breathes a blessing: "Show 'em up, tiger! You own the sky." All of this naturally makes Airman McConnell seem a bit of a sap as well as a lot of a hero, and strongly suggests that the Air Force itself is just a shining-faced troop of hi-octane Boy Scouts on an overnight hike to Cloud 8. In fairness to the producers, it has to be said that they meant better than they made; nevertheless, *The McConnell Story* is an instance in which simple human dignity has been clobbered by commercial cuteness.

To Hell and Back (Universal) features Audie Murphy, glamourpuss, in the story of Audie Murphy, dogface. Inevitably, the boy seems to be tooting his own tommy gun a bit too loud, but then who else in Hollywood is qualified to play the part of the most decorated soldier in U.S. history—a boy who, at 20, had won every combat medal in the book, from Purple Heart (four times) to Congressional Medal of Honor.

To Hell and Back begins its tale in the rural slums of North Texas, where Audie and eight other children were raised, mostly by their mother: the father ran out on the family when Audie was twelve. The boy quit school and went to work on a farm, and at 17 he enlisted in the Army. The Marines and the Navy had turned down the skinny little geezer as unfit for combat, and when he got to North Africa the boys in his platoon "hook their heads." "That's real fresh meat, huh? . . . It's going to take two strong men to take care of him in action."

It took, as a matter of historic fact, more strong men than the Wehrmacht could provide. Audie took to soldiering like a shark to mullet. He was cool and quick, and when his Irish was up he laid about him like Kevin o' the Bogs. The picture makes this plain in combat scenes which could never have been napalmed off as the real thing without

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AUDIE MURPHY

Like a shark to mullet.

Audie. Credibility burns in his mild face and gentle gestures as he moves through scenes of battle rapidly, like a man relieving them with wonder and something of reverence. And just for a nervous instant, now and then, the moviegoer glimpses, in the figure of this childlike man, the soul-chilling ghost of all the menlike children of those violent years, who hovered among battles like avenging cherubs, and knew all about death before they knew very much about life.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March. Humphrey Bogart (TIME, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford. Arthur Kennedy (TIME, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly. Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (TIME, Sept. 5).

The Sheep Has Five Legs. French Comic Fernandel, who is much too funny for one man, plays six. He is too funny for six men, too (TIME, Sept. 5).

Ulysses. The Homeric legend made (in Italy) into a foaming saga of sea adventure; with Kirk Douglas. Silvana Mangano (TIME, Aug. 22).

I Am a Camera. A nymph's regress in Christopher Isherwood's Berlin; Julie Harris, at both hooch and cootch, is a comic sensation (TIME, Aug. 15).

The Shrike. The story of a morally helpless husband and his predatory wife; with Jose Ferrer. June Allyson (TIME, July 25).

Mr. Roberts. First-rate retelling of the long-run Broadway hit about life aboard a Navy supply ship; with Henry Fonda. James Cagney (TIME, July 18).



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Who's Really Who?

CARDS OF IDENTITY (370 pp.)—Nigel Dennis—Vanguard (\$3.75).

That wretched Mrs. Chirk, she had forgotten her name again! Once it had really been Finch, but after what seemed a lifetime of being misnamed "Chirk" in National Health Service waiting rooms, "Chirk" stuck. Not for long, though. "Poor soul," says one character about her, "I wonder when she last knew herself." "Probably never," replies another. "One would probably have to go back to her grandfather to find an identity that really made an impression on her."

Modern mankind is Mrs. Chirk. That is the thesis which British Novelist Nigel Dennis, a contributing editor of *TIME*, brilliantly defends in one of the funniest, most penetrating novels since the early Aldous Huxley. Once upon a time (perhaps in grandfather's day), says Author Dennis in effect, a man's life was his castle. There might be an occasional siege of sin, and the drawbridge to the outer world might get tangled in confusion, but the self itself stood fast. It was kept in the place (like Bishop Berkeley's tree in the quad) by God, or at least by church, custom or class. Today, the selves are multiplying like amoebae, and a man with only one is downright backward. Man's identity was scooped out of its solid container by the Machine, spattered all over the place by psychoanalysis, and is being scraped up, in denatured form, by the modern state. "Governments all over the world . . . give you cards, on which they inscribe in capital letters the name which your fading memory supplies before it is too late . . ."

Character Sculpture. Master dealer of identity cards is one Captain Mallet, the guiding spirit of an extraordinary organization calling itself the Identity Club. Its members used to be mere psychoanalysts, but they have gone far beyond exploring the Self: they have learned, instead, to supply their patients with "the identities they can use best." This crew moves into Hyde's Mortimer, an abandoned English country seat (it has lost its identity, too) for the club's annual convention. A task force under Captain Mallet recruits a domestic staff of local people. In almost no time, the frantic, overworked village doctor is persuaded that he is really happier as a loutish gardener ("The whole nation is on its last legs," he shrieks, "or rather, on its doctors'!"). Poor but genteel Miss Paradise and her brother are so skillfully transformed by Captain Mallet that they forget they are related, and settle down happily as housekeeper and butler.

The process of persuasion—a proposition of mind over no-matter—is gentle and artistic. With the sensitivity of great sculptors, the identity changers mold a pride here, add an envy there, knead habits into place. In naming a butler,

for instance: "We begin with the premise that every butler believes he was born to command a fleet . . . But Nelson . . . was too common a name . . . Beatty . . . too rowdy for a butler. The same for Mountbatten. But in Jellicoe you found everything—a bellicose, echoing, challenging suggestion discreetly balanced by an opening syllable indicative of a nature congealed and wobbly."

Mr. Paradise, now happy as Jellicoe the butler, puts it neatly: "It's being led that matters. You lose your head if people aren't sitting on it."

Intellectual Vaudeville. When the big brains among the club members read



NOVELIST DENNIS
Modern man is Mrs. Chirk.

their case histories of changed identities, Author Dennis shows himself at his best. Vinson's is a sad case. Back from the war, he finds the old England swept away: "All the initials have gone from inside the bowler hats." With mystic joy he accepts the unpaid, unwanted post of Co-Warden of the Badgeries, an ancient symbolic office whose sole relic is a stuffed badger. Hardly has his new identity begun to cover him when he is killed as he falls on a pike during a symbolic parade to the glory of symbolic England that was. Just as sad is the case of the man so sexually unidentified that he wrote "Church of England" against the word "Sex" on an application form. Men and women have so merged their natural identities, thinks Author Dennis, that "nowadays one must choose between being a woman who behaves like a man, and a man who behaves like a woman." There comes a day when a rogue who is registered as sexually "Undetermined" claims

extra cheese from the Food Office as a nursing mother.

Novelist Dennis will give no comfort to those who simply want to cling to familiar values. He laughs at everybody, including ex-Communists and the church. But he writes neither in sorrow nor in anger, and achieves not so much a traditional novel as a rather special entertainment, with intellectual vaudeville acts now and then stopping the story cold. In the end, the Identity Club breaks up in unseemly haste when a cop drops in for a look around. The blazing, devilish farce is over, a nightmare so cleverly contrived and keenly written that the reader who looks only for the great fun in it will miss some of modern fiction's sharpest comments on the human condition.

Deal the Cards

DEALER'S CHOICE: THE WORLD'S GREATEST POKER STORIES (277 pp.)—Edited by Jerry D. Lewis—A. S. Barnes (\$3.95).

For the most part, this anthology of "America's second most popular after-dark activity" consists of short classics—from Stephen Crane's *A Poker Game* to John O'Hara's *Where's the Game?*—still worth more than a white chip. Some of them, though, seem to begin after the deal has started and end before the reader gets his fifth card. Best of the lot, perhaps, is Somerset Maugham's *Straight Flush*, a poignant tale of a man burdened with failing eyesight, and not idiocy, who chose the one time in 64,073 chances to misread his hand and toss a small straight, all pink, into the discard. The gentleman gave up his hobby of a lifetime and directed his future interests toward philanthropy.

In addition to the fictional treatment of the game, help is offered to the gulleible by Oswald Jacoby and Russel Crouse as they wrestle with the problem of how to play and how not to play poker. Unfortunately, their efforts may force some readers to the conclusion that, in order to operate profitably, larceny up to and including purse-snatching is not to be despised.

Dealer's Choice touches also on some historical gems. Poker has survived despite almost constant tinkering with the rules. It was struck a staggering blow in the last century when a group of losers in Toledo devised "Jack-Pots," which called for an ante before the deal, and jacks or better to open. A Southern gentleman named John Blackbridge fought back against this Northern plot to ruin the game. In 1879 he wrote: "[It is] as if one should be obliged every few minutes to stop playing poker and waste some chips purchasing tickets in a turkey raffle."

Just as serious was the short brush with respectability the game had in 1871, when the U.S. Minister to Great Britain, Robert Schenck, got a little something going at Queen Victoria's estate in Somersetshire. Her Majesty happened by and took a hand. She was delighted and asked Schenck to draw up some rules. He obliged and added that "it is good practice to chaff (talk nonsense) with a view to misleading your opponents." This brazen encourage-

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ment of coffee-house caused U.S. poker
purists to demand his recall.

Others of her sex followed the Queen's
lead. In the '90s, Spalding's published a
book on poker written by A. Howard
Cady. The publisher mercifully concealed
the fact that the "A" stood for Alice. The
girls are still a problem. In *Ladies Wild*,
they get the complete Robert Benchley
treatment. "The next hand was to be
Whistle Up Your Windpipe . . . seven-
card stud, first and last cards up, deuces,
treys, and red-haired queens wild, high-
low-and-medium."

Franklin P. Adams, himself vulnerable
on the score of recklessness,* complains:
"Women . . . ask repeatedly how much
the blue chips are worth, and the red, and
the white; how much they are allowed to
bet; they have to be reminded that they're
shy, that it's their turn to deal, to bet,
to shuffle . . ."

On one thing F.P.A. and Benchley more
or less agree: keep women the hell out of
the game—if you can.

Love Among the Love-Buckets

THE DEER PARK (375 pp.)—Norman
Mailer—Putnam (\$4).

"Please do not understand me too
quickly," warns Author Mailer by way
of a tag (from André Gide). There is not
much to understand in this narrative
about the life of the West Coast's film
fama: the prose and the sex are as thick
as ever. This seemed forgivable in *The
Naked and the Dead*; the boys in a jungle
combat platoon ("Kinsey's Army," as
one British reviewer called it) were not
supposed to talk like lady members of a
book club. But in *The Deer Park* (the
title is taken from a huge private sex re-
port maintained by Louis XV of France!)
the ladies talk just like the boys in the
jungle as well as act like the animals in it.

Peering like a wrestling referee among
the writhing limbs of this melee, the read-
er can detect one hero: a blond, blue-eyed
orphan with a medical discharge from the
Air Force, named Sergius O'Shaughnessy.
Dropping napalm on Korean villages has
upset him deeply (he has, in fact, become
temporarily impotent!), so naturally he
Wants to Write. His methods are interest-
ing. He takes a \$14,000 stake to a desert
gambling resort called Desert D'Or, 200
miles from Hollywood—a suburb in the
literary country of tough-guy nihilism
mapped by James M. Cain. Da-
shiel Hammett and Raymond Chandler.
O'Shaughnessy does not get around to
writing but he meets 1) a real lulu named
Lulu who helps him over his embarrassing
bedroom block; 2) a misunderstood film
genius called Charles Francis Eitel (sym-
bolically pronounced "eye-TELL"), who
is trying to decide whether to tell all
before a congressional committee. While
skulking in Desert D'Or, Eitel dreams
about the great film he hopes to make
some day—a story about an M.C. of a
This-Is-Your-Life-like TV program who
decides to become a saint. That idea is

* He once drew four cards to a slice of rye
bread.



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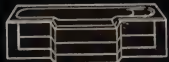
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a vulgarized Mailer version of a book called *Miss Lonelyhearts* by Nathaniel West—who also wrote a little satirical tale of Hollywood (*The Day of the Locust*), which in one page shows more style, wit and distinction than could be combed from all *The Deer Park*.

All *The Deer Park's* problems are solved in a predictable way, but not before the contents of a madame's memory for sexual oddities has spilled all over the book. (Incidental intelligence, which will cause lifted eyebrows in Europe: after an illicit night, it is the gentleman who makes



NOVELIST MAILER

The gentleman makes breakfast.

breakfast.) There is some good recorded speech, and readers of *Confidential* magazine can brush up their vocabularies. Sample: "Don't panic, love-bucket . . . Get me a small martin."

One piece of Hollywood argot not to be found in *The Deer Park* is "subpoena envy," which may be defined as the status of mind of the Hollywood liberal who never got called before a committee investigating anything. Author Mailer seems to have a bad case of it. His account of the interrogation by a pair of foul-mouthed goons in the hire of the "Subversive Committee" is calculated to frighten little children. It is bad enough for Mailer to paw every bed on the coast without finding Senator McCarthy underneath it.

Winter Never Comes

TOM BARKER (572 pp.)—Forrest Reid—Pantheon [\$5].

"Can't you see I'm going to the Rectory?" Tom asked Barker impatiently. But stubborn Barker "again mentions the river." "No," said Tom firmly. "Anyhow, what would we do?" "Fish for stones," answered Barker. "Yes, you'd fish for them." Tom retorted, "and I'd sit on the bank and get splashed . . ." Barker stopped arguing. He came on

(Continued on page 125)



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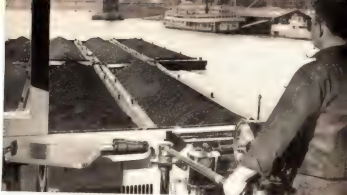
15. And Chevrolet Fisher Bodies since



2. What really makes this the "city closest to America" is the closeness of the people, here, to the American way of life. They're famous for thinking straight, keeping their feet solidly on the ground.



4. The city has its own Symphonys Orchestra, Summer Opera, a distinguished Art Museum. Its school system is unsurpassed. Its famous Municipal University has graduated many distinguished Americans. It's known as America's best-governed city.



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11. So is a Monahan plant



16. And Philip Carey roofing and siding



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intelligent stock (Old English sheepdog) but had a one-track mind. He was not as sharp, for instance, as Squeaker, who could discuss philology and human nature. But Squeaker was a rat, which makes a big difference.

Not all the animals in Forrest Reid's books talk like Barker and Squeaker. Unlike their counterparts in *The Wind in the Willows*, they must have a human being around to put words into their mouths. This human being must be young, honest and gifted with an extra sense, like little Tom Barber. He must see the world as Tom sees it—as a place where magic abounds.

Every Boy's Life. Forrest Reid, maker of this strange world, was an Ulsterman who began life as a tea-merchant's clerk and ended up a part-time writer living alone with his dogs in Belfast, playing bridge and croquet. When he died at 70, in 1947, he left behind a handful of novels and about a roomful of ardent admirers. One was Novelist E. M. Forster, who now introduces the *Tom Barber* trilogy of novels to U.S. readers. Reid's work, he concedes, has "puerilities and longeurs." But it is the work of "an extremely serious writer."

Reid wrote his trilogy backwards, beginning with *Tom Barber* aged 15, ending with him at eleven. He spread the work over a period of 14 years, by the end of which his prose had grown firmer. The result is that author and hero steadily mature in opposite directions. Equally upsetting is the fact that Reid did not bother to fit his three parts together very neatly. Tom enjoys two parents and a granny in the first two volumes and becomes an abrupt orphan in the third. To lose one parent, as Lady Bracknell suggests in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose both seems like carelessness.

But at its best, *Tom Barber* is very good indeed—particularly in its down-to-earth descriptions of the things that loom large in every boy's life—home, parents, friends, hobbies, animals, books.

The Sleepwalker. Author Reid doted on boyhood's weirder aspects—its imaginativeness, its crazy-paved fantasies. Tom, for instance, is a sleepwalker. His "walks" carry him in and out of time itself. He goes back to medieval days and alchemy. He goes back to ancient Greece, back to the Garden of Eden itself. "Well, Adam," says the serpent, "so you've come back at last . . ." But he has not brought any Eve with him—in fact, Eve is conspicuously absent from most of the trilogy.

Guardian angels, limbs of Satan, magicians and apparitions weave in and out of the story disguised as youths, cats, snakes, paper cutouts. Day follows day in perpetual warmth—winter never comes in Reid's books—and Tom's pursuit of his dreams is deftly mixed with his everyday pursuit of such things as candy and pocket money.

Tom Barber stands at the opposite pole from *Huckleberry Finn* or *David Copperfield*, and it may strike some people as

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more precious than priceless. But the reader can justly tell Author Reid, in the words of Squeaker, the learned rat: "It's universally granted that you're a most agreeable little boy—much above the average."

Horse Marine

RECKLESS, PRIDE OF THE MARINES—
Andrew Geer—Dutton (\$3.50).

Horses have all but disappeared from the battlefield, but now and then a 20th century warhorse turns up to keep alive the old traditions. Such an animal is Reckless, a beautiful little (eleven hands) sorrel mare who endeared herself to the 1st Marine Division in Korea.

Reckless (née Flame) was the beloved possession of a young Korean jockey until the boy's sister lost her leg in a land-mine accident: then he decided to sell the horse



SERGEANT RECKLESS (LEFT) & MEDIC
Jackets for a lady.

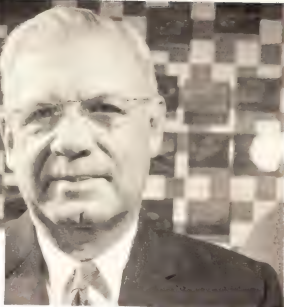
to the Marines for \$250 in order to buy his sister an artificial leg. On the front lines, Reckless became both a mascot and an efficient carrier of ammunition for a recoilless ("Reckless") rifle platoon, 5th Marines. She learned to relish C-rations and Wheaties, and to drink beer out of a helmet or a glass. She also learned to string communications wire efficiently and to kneel down when enemy fire came close (the marines always covered her with their flak jackets on such occasions). After the war, Major General Randolph Pate, commanding general of the 1st, cited Reckless for bravery and formally promoted her to the rank of sergeant.* Today the seven-year-old mare is living in honored retire-

* Reckless is by no means the first horse to be honored for wartime services. Alexander the Great named a city after Bucephalus, his favorite mount. The Roman Emperor Caligula caused Incertus, his stallion, to be elected a priest and a consul. The skeleton of Robert E. Lee's horse, Traveler, still stands near Lee's tomb at Lexington, Va.

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ment. Knee-deep in alfalfa, near Camp Pendleton, Calif.

The book has too much padding in its saddlebags, and Author Geer (*The New Breed*) is guilty of some sloppy writing, but in spite of these handicaps, Reckless and her comrades in arms gallop through in fine style.

Mixed Fiction

THESE LOVERS FLED AWAY, by Howard Spring (483 pp.; Harper: \$4.50), starts at the turn of the century with a handful of corny characters in a Cornish setting, then marches through all the pomposities of circumstance, sweat and tears of three generations of 20th century Britain. Playwright Chad Boothroyd, the hero, loves Rose Garland, Rose, a rather dreary drag of tea, is invariably presented to the reader in a gown of crimson silk, which invariably seems to have a fetish effect upon Chad. Ultimately, Chad gets Rose, but only after she 1) lives with Eustace Hawke, a sensational poet with more than an overtone of Rupert Brooke about him, and 2) goes through a loveless marriage with Billy Pascoe, a lowly rustic who becomes England's greatest atomic scientist.

The plot is pat, the situations cliché, and the novel's real worth lies in the embroidery with which Author Spring (*My Son, My Son*) surrounds that crimson gown. The rich and reverent descriptions of the English scene are worth the price of admission, as are some of the characters—especially Chad's Dickensian Uncle Arthur, a glutton who grows auricular and dotes on a skinny whipper.

THE SHIRALEE, by D'Arcy Niland (250 pp.; William Sloane: \$3.50), takes its title from an old Australian word for the bundle of belongings swagmen carry as they tramp about the land. Macauley, at 35, was a proud and able swagman, i.e., itinerant sheep-station hand, who hated cities, where you always need "a penny for the slot and a key for the door." But he had a city wife until, on a visit home, he found her with another man. Breaking the bloke's jaw wasn't enough for Macauley; in a spiteful rage against his wife, he carried off their 33-year-old daughter whom he scarcely knew.

In cabbage-tree hat and overalls, "Butter" became his second shiralee, and Macauley trudged with her from job to job on the back tracks of the bush, his churlishness toward his burden slowly changed to brusque tenderness. Macauley's growing-up is obviously meant to be the heart of the story, but the book's strength lies in its Cinematic picture of the swagman's life—taking a turn at shearing, cutting burrs, fencing or digging spuds. To Macauley this was the only life, for "you have a hundred roads to choose from and a hundred towns to put the finger on." Australian Novelist Niland, who has been a swagman himself, tells the reader a lot about his homeland in a story as fresh as a bilby of tea brewed over a thistle campfire. But for soft tastes, he may have spooned in a bit too much sugar.



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School teachers Elizabeth and Kathryn Journey had a lot to learn when, twelve years ago, they took their father's place at the head of the Citizens Telephone Company in Higginsville, Missouri.

They faced a man-sized job, without experience and without the time to acquire it. But what they had — resourcefulness and a spirit of community service — was enough. Today, the number of telephones they serve in Higginsville and two neighboring communities has doubled! And when a new \$300,000 dial system went into service recently, their company's dollar investment had more than *quadrupled*! True, the Journey sisters no longer teach, but their story itself is a lesson in American enterprise...

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In Grumman's twenty-five year past are the Wildcats and Hellcats of task force fame. With them Grumman broke aircraft production records. With them the Navy and Marines shot down two-thirds of the enemy planes destroyed in the Pacific Theater during World War II. In Grumman's more recent past are the Panthers, the first Navy jets to fight in Korea, and the three Cougars that flew coast to coast in 3 hours, 45 minutes, 30 seconds.

But this past is only a base for Grumman's research and brain-power to provide future progress in protection.

At right, model of F11F-1 Tiger fired by rocket to determine drag characteristics by latest research method.

*Photograph at left courtesy Italian
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MISCELLANY

Brake with Tradition. In Cheviot, Ohio, Matthew Pames was officially informed that his excuse was "first class original" after he was arraigned for passing a red light, testified: "I just bought this car, and I didn't want to step on the brakes too hard."

Persuader. In Milwaukee, after he shot himself in the backside with a pistol he drew from his hip pocket during a card game, Calvin Richardson was charged with carrying a concealed weapon, explained to police that he only had the thing on him for collateral in case he lost and had to float a small loan.

A Man Scorned. In Taipei, Formosa, after a pretty neighbor turned down his marriage proposal, Tai Chih-yun, 39, got a six-year jail sentence for biting off the tip of her nose.

The Nervous Type. In Chicago, fined \$675 for 80-m.p.h. speeding, reckless driving and running through eleven red lights, Manuel Palide, 22, told Traffic Court Judge Alfonso Wells: "I must have been excited."

Appointed Rounds. In Atlanta, Postman Walter A. Smith entered the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, tiptoed up to the Rev. Charles Anders and handed him a special-delivery letter in the middle of a sermon, later explained when reprimanded: "I looked in and saw he wasn't praying."

Wholesaler. In Westmorland, Calif., after they decided to add a motorcycle cop to the force, town councilmen approached Merrill Miller to buy his machine, were forced to give him the job when he threatened not to sell.

Recipe. In Providence, police looked for the vandals who broke into the Homestead Baking Co., dumped 1,500 lbs. of sugar and 1,500 lbs. of flour on the floor, mixed the mess carefully with 50 gallons of salad oil and a case and a half of soft drinks.

A Woman's Heart. In Milwaukee, Mrs. Marie Bottrell, 45, picked up a license to marry Jerry L. Clark, 58, changed her mind and returned later in the afternoon to get another license to marry 36-year-old Alfred J. Eggleston, changed her mind again and married Clark.

Conditional Reflex. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Antoinette B. Grant, 29, got a divorce after testifying that her husband, Psychiatrist Henry J. Grant, 43, continually compared her to his worst patients.

Summa cum Laude. In Rome, Aristide Egidi, 47, was arrested for posing as a physician when police learned that his elegant, Greek-written diploma was an oldtime letter of recommendation after his work as a chauffeur in the Greek embassy.

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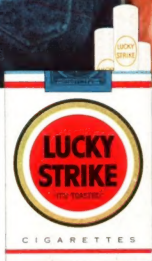
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